THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - *1,068*
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.......$1.50
" " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " if not p'd within year. 2.25

☞ To persons residing outside the county 15 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

☞ In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

VIRTUE LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1880. NUMBER 33.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch,	3 times	$ 1.50
1 "	3 months	2.50
1 "	6 months	3.50
1 "	1 year	6.00
2 "	6 months	6.00
2 "	1 year	10.00
3 "	6 months	8.00
3 "	1 year	12.00
¼ col'n	6 months	10.00
½ "	6 months	20.00
½ "	1 year	35.00
1 "	6 months	40.00
1 "	1 year	75.00
Administrator's and Executor's Notices		2.50
Auditor's Notices		2.00
Stray and similar Notices		1.50

Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.

☞ *Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.*

JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

CHEAP!
CHEAPER!!!
Cheapest!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS,
&c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of various styles and patterns;

Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plea Moulds, Road Scoops;

Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of

Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
PAPER and OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING and SHADE FIXTURES; Liverpool ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; [illegible] ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; [illegible] the Cataract PUMPS, of the best quality; [illegible] PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; [illegible] WAGONS AND [illegible] the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all sizes and kinds and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT [illegible] of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, [illegible] &c., together with a large and complete stock of

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get on short notice is not worth buying, and what I do sell you can always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS in QUALITY, while they will invariably be

SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to compete successfully with the very best in the trade, and hope to still merit a liberal share of your patronage. [illegible] convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

R. L. Johnston, M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck.

JOHNSTON,
SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, Pa.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier

Ebensburg, March 13, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $123,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
Good FARM PROPERTES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, *Secretary.*
Ebensburg, Jan. 23, 1880.-1y.

FREIDHOFF'S BLOCK,
HIGH STREET.

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler
EBENSBURG, PA.,
Has always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency!
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
and other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1880.-1y.*

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14-'81]

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

And Still Another Big Boom!

THIS TIME, HOWEVER,
THE BOOM INCLINES DOWNWARD
INSTEAD OF UPWARD!

Special LOW PRICES
TO SUIT THE TIMES!

No use talking about it, we have the goods and must get rid of them, even though we should lose money in the operation. That means that we have an overstock of

Ladies' Fine Shoes and Gaiters,
Men's Heavy Shoes,
AND MISSES', YOUTHS', CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS' SHOES,
all styles, sizes and qualities, and that we must close out the entire assortment before the our new stock arrives, which will be about the 1st of September. Hence we have determined for the NEXT FORTY DAYS to offer

Shoes at Greatly Reduced Prices!
Our prices now are acknowledged to be much lower than anywhere else, so that the special prices we offer to buyers at this time affords everybody a chance to get

BETTER BARGAINS IN SHOES
than ever before dreamed of in their philosophy. It will pay you, then, to buy your shoes now, even if you do not wear them for the next six months, as it is a fact of which all should be aware that boots and shoes will be higher next winter than they are now; therefore our loss will be your gain. The only purpose we have in reducing prices beyond all precedent is to

MAKE ROOM FOR OUR NEW STOCK,
which has already been ordered. So if you are open for a bargain now is the time and our store the place to get more and better goods for your money than will probably ever again have a chance to enjoy. We also have some bargains in

DRY GOODS, REMNANTS OF CALICO,
SHORT PIECES OF DRESS GOODS,
&c., &c., which we must and will sell regardless of what they cost us. In addition to all these extraordinary bargains and many more in other departments, we have the largest, most select and certainly the finest and best assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing!
in Ebensburg, and are prepared at all times to furnish either full or partial suits of wearing apparel for men or boys at lower prices than goods of like quality can be purchased at any other establishment. More than that, we have special bargains in seasonable clothing just now for everybody who wants to dress well at a very small outlay.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND LEARN OUR PRICES!
AND YOU WILL FIND THAT WE MEAN EXACTLY WHAT WE SAY.

V. S. Barker & Brother,
EBENSBURG, PA.

NOW the LOUD WELKIN RINGS
WITH THE NEWS THAT IT BRINGS
OF SOME VERY GOOD THINGS
FOR THE FOLKS OF CHEST SPRINGS.

In other words, and to be more explicit, there is great rejoicing among the people of Northeastern Cambria at the opening in Chest Springs, at what is known as the "Old Pump Corner," or Douglass Property, of a

New Store by S. B. Corn & Co.,
Which every farmer and resident in the neighborhood should patronize, as the proprietors are determined to sell at the lowest Altoona prices for either cash or country produce. They will keep a

GOOD STOCK OF VARIOUS KIND OF GOODS
For ladies, gents and children, and can obtain from their store in Altoona at short notice any style or quality of Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., that may be desired. One Room has been fitted up and filled exclusively with

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS and other Furnishing Goods
For men and boys, while the other Room is devoted to

LADIES' GOODS OF ALL KIND,
Embracing everything in the Millinery and Fancy Goods line, such as Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats for ladies and children, Ribbons, Ruches, Notions, &c., &c.

A CORDIAL INVITATION TO CALL
Is hereby extended to young and old, rich and poor, grave and gay, all of whom will be accommodated with the best bargains ever offered in Northern Cambria, no matter whether they bring the cash or come prepared to exchange wool, hides, chickens, butter, eggs, or other desirable produce, at the highest market rates, for first-class merchandise at the lowest Altoona city prices.

REMEMBER THE NAME AND PLACE:
CORN & CO.'S BRANCH STORE,
Chest Springs, Cambria Co., Pa
S. B. CORN & CO., Proprietors. - - *S. M. DOUGLASS, Salesman.*

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
Largest and Cheapest Stock of
Dry and Dress Goods,
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN G. LAKE, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of John G. Lake, Esq., late of the borough of Ebensburg, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
M. D. KITTELL, Administrator.
Ebensburg, Aug. 20, 1880.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARGARET MCMULLEN, dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret McMullen, late of Clearfield township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
CORNELIUS MORRIS, Executor.
Clearfield Twp., Aug. 20, 1880.-6t.

THE DOVE'S TOWER.

The house where I spent my honeymoon was in Ireland, in the county of Kerry, and not very far from Tralee. It had been highly picturesque, no doubt, for it was one of the old tower manor houses, and dated from the sixteenth century; but the owners of later generations, finding it decidedly uncomfortable, had altered and added, painted, papered, boarded and bricked until it was an architectural night-mare, calculated to strike terror to the heart of any devout antiquarian.

However, there was romance, antiquity, and picturesqueness still left in the land. Not far away was an old oratory; made, as they told me, for I was not clever enough to find it out for myself, without mortar or cement of any sort, and with its stones all so daintily fitted together that it had withstood the suns and rains of all the centuries between the twelfth and the fifteenth. On the nearest hill arose a great gray, mouldering castle, invaluable to amateur artists who "sketch from nature." There was an Anglo-Norman chapel quite within sight, and farther away, in what looked like the dry bed of a lake, stood a queer, rough stone tower, from the top of which one could get a fine view of the country, particularly of the road which led to Tralee. Indeed the first few weeks I spent in Ireland were devoted to the seeing of antiquities, and I even went out to some of the little islands along the shore to see the rough oval structures that are called bee-hive houses. I liked the country; it was romantic; its gentry were refined and hospitable, and its peasantry picturesque. There was certainly a great deal of bog land, and there were a great many beggars, but we were happily able to avoid the first and bring blessings on our heads by giving small coin and cold victuals to the last, who instantly became happier than kings,

Our hearts were light, and we were young and very much in love, and we were willing to swear that Ireland was a paradise.

It is the experience of every pair of lovers that without any evident reason, with nothing in the surroundings to cause the effect, some special day, some particular hour, seems happier than any other. The two draw nearer to each other—are more utterly content; they can remember the fact all their lives, and neither can tell why it was that they loved better and were more deliciously happy just then than at at any other time.

A day such as this, a whole, perfect day, came to my husband and me. It was that on which we went to visit the old tower. We went alone and on foot; we climbed the many crooked and broken steps hand in hand. At last we stood on the summit and looked out upon the lovely picture spread before us.

The pictures nature paints are always fine. This seemed to be her masterpiece. Below us lay spread the emerald fields, the deep green woods; beyond were the purple mountains; silver water caught the sunbeams, and a hoary castle crowned the summit of the hill beyond; while over us lay a sky as blue as that of Italy. But it was not only the beauty of the place that thrilled us. Turning from it we looked into each other's eyes, and it seemed as though for the first time we knew how dear we were to each other.

"Does Love dwell here?" I thought; and suddenly my husband drew me to his breast and held me closely. There we uttered not a word, but each knew the thoughts of the other.

All was silent; the lapping of the beck below, and the faint lowing of the browsing kine, were unheard where we stood; but in a little while the stillness was broken by a strange sound—a musical sort of sobbing or gurgling—that seemed very near to us. On me it had the effect of something supernatural. I started, trembled, and clung to Edward's arm; but he, not susceptible to such impressions, sought at once for a natural reason for the sound, and in a moment more had found it.

On the parapet of the tower a dove had perched itself—a beautiful, mottled thing. It was this that had uttered the sound. My husband took it in his hand; it seemed quite tame, and to desire caresses. In a little while it allowed me to take it and even nestled in my bosom.

"I will take it home," I said; "and since this old place has no name that I know of, I will christen it 'Dove's Tower.'"

Soon after we had eaten the lunch we had brought with us we descended the crooked stairs again. They tottered beneath our feet. They were without doubt rather dangerous, but we were light of heart and light of foot, and enjoyed the fun mightily. The dove fluttered in the handkerchief in which I had imprisoned her, and crooned and cooed distractedly.

"No, no," I cried laughingly. "You cannot get away. I believe you are Love himself in disguise, and I mean to take you home and cage you."

I did. I named it Cupid, and so the little creature became a family pet. I am not sure that an ornithologist would have called her a dove, but I take my permission from the poets. Assuredly I have read of a "carrier dove." This proved to be an actual fact—a carrier pigeon. One of those pigeons whose love of home is so great that it may be trusted to return to it from any possible distance. I loved my dove better when I knew its nature, for their was romance about its very name. Lovers have used the carrier pigeon as their postman, when all sorts of obstacles lay between them, and other messengers were false, and it has flown with messages of import into many a beseiged town, or surrounded camp. We amused ourselves by sending our carrier pigeon to each other with messages. Now from the arbor, now from the river bank, now from the hill. From either place she returned with the little billet fastened to her foot, by its silken thread, as surely as the white dove of old returned to the ark and waiting Noah. Finally, Edward took her with him to Tralee, and sent her home with a letter. I found her on the library window, her small head on one side, her round eyes fixed upon the panes, and when I had cut the thread that held my darling's note, she flew into her great wicker cage as into a haven of peace. After that we permitted her to have complete liberty, and twilight always found her on the sill of the library window.

For three months after our arrival at the manor-house Edward and I were never apart as many hours at a time. One day, however, there came to him a letter from a friend, whose pretty little yacht was dancing on the waters of Tralee Bay, asking him to take a little trip in her. I knew Edward loved the water, and much as I hated to lose him, even for a week, I would not stand in the way of his pleasure. I even urged him to go, and I did not shed a tear until he had left me; but then how lonely the hours seemed. How I pined for him! How I counted the hours, and shuddered when some sudden breeze tossed the branches of the trees about, and spoke of fresh gales and rougher water out at sea. I almost doubted then that I had not been wrong in being so ready to let him go. Oh, the days were weary; the nights sad, "with my gude man awa."

At last, however, the week was gone. Edward will return to-day, I thought, as I opened my eyes upon the clear dawn. The dove stood on my window sill and pecked at the panes. I flung the sash up and she flew out.

"Go," said I, "perhaps you will cross his path."

And I tried to wait his coming calmly, but in vain; as the afternoon drew on I could not stay in the house. I did not know the hour of his return, but I foolishly set forth to meet him. I only intended to wander about near home, but soon I found myself at least three miles away from its gates and near the old building where I had found my carrier-pigeon and which I had named Dove Tower.

And now a fancy came to me: From the top of the tower one could overlook the road to Tralee as far as human sight could reach, and could see either pedestrian or horseman who came along it from that town. I resolved to climb the stairs and watch thence for my love's coming.

I did so. I reached the top of the tower in safety. I leant my head upon the parapet and looked along the road. Carriages rolled swiftly along it; horsemen galloped by; pedestrains plodded slowly toward me. There were long intervals between them, for the road was not a busy one. Few people came farther than the next town, but I watched for hours, but still my rider came not. I could not mistake his graceful figure or the black horse he loved so, his bright eyed Romeo. The sun approached the horizon, the shadows grew long; tears arose to my eyes.

Perhaps, after all, Edward would not return that day, and I ought not to remain in the tower; it was time I took my way homeward. With one lingering glance toward Tralee, I turned in the direction of the old stone staircase, but, happily, before my foot had touched it, a sound like a clap of thunder smote my ears; the tower was shaken to its foundation, and I was thrown upon the floor. For a little while I was too terrified to move, but at lasted lifted myself and looked about me. What had happened? The sky was as clear as ever, the earth showed no traces of any convulsion of nature. A terrible thought struck me. The tower was falling. Slowly and tremblingly I approached the staircase, doubting that my strength would be sufficient to descend it, but feeling that flight alone could save me. Alas, flight was impossible. There were no stairs to descend. Half at least of their crooked length was gone. It was their fall that had shaken the tower.

I clasped my hands over my heart and knelt down, trying to utter a prayer as one who knew herself upon the verge of eternity. But nothing more happened. Soon I began to be comforted by the thought that the tower was not about to crumble into utter ruin, that hour at least. Perhaps I might be saved. I leant over the parapet; below a man plodded by—a laborer going home from work. He looked like a toy figure. I called to him—I screamed with all my voice. Evidently no sound reached him; he went his way.—A jaunting car drove past upon the road. Again I shrieked. Again I knew that my cries were wasted on the upper air.

My prayers for aid might reach Heaven, but they could never be heard by man. Sick to the soul, I ceased my cries. I had one hope left. He might come, my husband, my love. Surely there was that between us that would cause him to hear my voice, if inaudible to others. My soul would speak to his. He would come to my aid, led by some inner knowledge of my presence—some magnetism or clairvoyance.

Despair departed. I strained my eyes along the road. Oh! surely, surely, I could not mistake! That was Romeo. I knew his black form, his fine head, his step, too well, not to be sure of it. And it was Edward who rode him. My Edward. I waved my kerchief in the air. I lifted my voice again. I screamed his name—Edward! Edward! He could not hear me yet, I knew; but I was wild with impatience. He came on. He was beneath the tower. He paused a moment, and looked up at it.

"Edward! Edward! I am here!" I shrieked. "Edward! Edward!"

Alas! he neither heard me nor saw my fluttering signal. He doffed his hat for a moment, looked at the tower again, and rode on. As he went I tore my hat from my head and cast it down, hoping it might attract his attention. Alas! the wind caught it and blew it I knew not whither. My husband passed on. The sound of his gay whistle arose to me. I could hear that, but my despairing cries could not reach him.

I sank upon the floor and hid my face in my arms. He was going home. He would not find me. No one knew where I had gone, or when I left home. He would search for me, weep for me, perhaps die of my loss; and meanwhile I should starve to death, and the fierce birds would pick the flesh from my bones on the summit of that high tower, from which I knew I should not have the courage to cast myself down.

My voice had been so strained that it was now only a whisper; my limbs failed me, my eyes grew dim. I abandoned myself to despair. A fluttering sound and the flirting of wings across my face aroused me from the lethargy into which I had sunk. Some birds were flying about me. Had they come to feast on me already? I opened my eyes; the thing, whatever it was, had alighted on my knee; it perched there, looking up at me sidewise, out of one of its red-ringed eyes. It was a dove.

"Great heavens!" I cried, "it is my dove—it is Cupid!"

I knew him by his tints, by his shape, most of all by his familiarity; but I had a surer proof in the remnant of blue silk still pendant from one of its feet, a thread by which the letter Edward had sent me from Tralee had been tied. I caught the dove to my heart, I kissed it and held it tight, at first only as a friend from home, but in a moment, as something sent by heaven to save me. Doubtless the little creature came daily to to the old tower, but it seemed to me a miracle worked in my behalf, for at dusk Cupid would fly home, and with him he should bear the summons that I doubted not would bring me succor.

I held him tight, dreading nothing so much as his escape; with the other hand I searched in my pocket for pencil, card or paper; none were there; but I had my hankerchief, and happily, in my hair, was a long, sharp pin. Muffling Cupid in my dress, I drove the pin into my finger, and, with the dripping blood traced this across the handkerchief:

"I am in the Dove's Tower. The stairs have fallen down. Come."

It was legible. I thanked God, and praying to Him for further aid, tied my kerchief to the bird's foot, and set him free.

Straight as the bee flies I saw him take his way to the manor-house.

And here I am alive, and so you know help came, and that I did not cast myself from the old tower. Cupid went home. While they were all searching for me, while alarm was at its height, my husband, going for a moment into his library, hoping to find that I had left some written message which would give him a clue to my whereabouts, found Cupid at the panes and saw what was tied to his foot. The message once read, he started immediately with men and ladders for the tower, and, though it was no easy matter to reach me, love was too powerful to be baffled.

And it was my little dove—my carrier dove—my Cupid, who really saved my life. We always say that—Edward and I. And when at last he flew away from us and returned no more, we knew that he had gone to die upon the old tower, the old home from whence we won him. It is now his mausoleum.

* * *

AN ICE-CREAM HUSBAND.

A strange little affair *de amour* has lately come to light in Saugerties, N. Y. A Columbia county heiress named Lotta Smith, of Stockport, and a well-known dry goods clerk of Saugerties named George L. Myers, assume the title roles in the farce that is at present agitating the social circle in which they move. Miss Smith is a young lady of ravishing beauty, after the Amy Rosbart and Helen Jewett type—so pretty in fact that she is called the handsomest girl in Columbia county, with vivacious manners, a keen and ready wit, and plenty of cash.

Sometime prior to August 1st, she came to Saugerties to visit her aunt, Mrs. Alida Wynkoop, of that city. Her appearance on the streets of Saugerties instantly caused a terrible flutter in the bosoms of all the gay Lotharios in the place, and whispered questions were heard as she passed. "Who is she, I wonder?" "Do you know her?" and the like. Before she had spent a week in Saugerties every masher in the place had completely lost his heart, in fact was willing to make an unconditional surrender; but Miss Lotta sheered clear of all such breakers and gave the gay deceivers the cold shoulder. She had set her eyes and heart upon particular game, and she was bound to have it at all hazards.

She had noticed during her walks through the city a very handsome young man in the store of Frederick P. Russell, corner of Main and Market streets, and upon him had she set her heart, and him she was bound to have, and this is the way she accomplished her purpose.

On Friday, July 30th, Frederick P. Russell, the proprietor of the store, was standing in the store door and George S. Myers, the clerk in question, was cleansing the show windows. Suddenly Miss Lotta, handsomely dressed and radiant in her beauty, stepped up to Mr. Russell and said in a vivacious manner, "What will you take for that article in the window?" meanwhile nodding significantly toward Myers, the clerk. Russell laughing, replied that he would sell him for a dish of ice cream. "Very well," said Lotta, "I will take him." She then departed, but returning soon in the company of a lady friend, invited the proprietor out to a saloon to bind the bargain. The proprietor, willing to carry the joke along, for he did not look at in a serious light, went with her. On his return to the store the young lady accompanied him, and as she started to leave, said: "I'm going home Monday noon; so have that article ready for me, as I shall certainly call for it." The clerk in question, hereupon demurred, and said: "The bargain wasn't binding unless he had a plate of cream also." "Very well," said Miss Lotta, "you shall have it." She went out and soon returned with a dish of cream in her hands.

The young man devoured the cream, meanwhile socially chatting with his beautiful purchaser, became interested in her, and taking into consideration that she had the "rocks," concluded to stick.

On Monday afternoon, the young lady, true to her promise, drove up in a barouche to the merchant's establishment, on Main street, and out stalked her purchase, clad in a new linen duster and store clothes with sun umbrella and grip-sack in hand.

The barouche drove off amid the laughter and best wishes of his fellow-clerks, and the congratulations of Russell to Miss Lotta, warranting her purchase to "wear well," hold his color, and never shrink from paying (Ling Wah) his washee washee bills.

The happy couple took the 2:30 p. m. train on the Hudson River Railroad for home, and on Monday evening the merchant received a telegram from Stockport informing him that the young lady had arrived safe with her purchase.

Miss Lotta Smith is an heiress to a large fortune and besides being worth $25,000 in her own right, owns the finest house in Stockport, and the best looking fellow that Ulster county can turn out.

Myers is a young man of industrious, steady habits and has quite a snug bank account of his own, and all unite in saying that had the young lady made a less romantic choice she might have fared worse. As it is the handsomest girl in Columbia county and the best looking fellow in Ulster make a rattling team.

* * *

AN INDIAN BRIDE'S DEVOTION.—There are few instances of devotion that prove the existence of love in a higher degree than that given by Kit Carson's Indian wife to her brave and manly lover. While mining in the West he married an Indian girl, who lived very happily. When he was taken ill, a long way from home, word was sent to his wife, who mounted a fleet mustang pony and traveled hundreds of miles to reach him Might and day she continued her journey resting only for a few hours on the open prairie, flying on her wonderful little steed as soon as she could gather up her forces anew. She forded rivers, she scaled rocky passes, she waded through morasses and finally arrived just alive to find her husband better. But the exposure and exertion killed her; she was seized with penumionia and died within a brief space in her husband's arms. The shock killed Kit Carson, the rugged miner—he broke a blood vessel and both are buried in one grave.

* * *

WHOEVER is an imitator by nature, choice or necessity, has nothing stable; the flexibility which affords this aptitude is inconsistent with strength

NICODEMUS DODGE.

When I was a boy in a printing office in Missouri, a loose-jointed, long-legged, tow-headed, jeans-clads, countrified cub of about sixteen lounged in one day, and without removing his hands from the depths of his trowsers' pockets, or taking off his faded ruin of a slouch hat, whose broken brim hung limp and ragged about his ears like a bug eaten cabbage leaf, staring indifferently around, then leaning his hip against the editor's table, crossed his mighty brogans, aimed at a distant fly from a crevice in his upper teeth, laid him low, and said with composure:

"Wha's the boss?"

"I'm the boss," said the editor, following this curious bit of architecture wonderfully along up to its clock face with his eye.

"Don't want anybody fur to learn the business, 'tain't likely?"

"Well, I don't know. Would you like to learn it?"

"Pap's so po' he can't run me no more', so I want to get a show somers, if I can, 'tain't no difference what—I'm strong and hearty, and I don't turn my back on no kind of work, hard nur soft."

"Do you think you would like to learn the printing business?"

"Well, I don't re'ly k'yer a durn what I do learn, so's I git a chance fur to make my way. I'd jist as soon learn print'n's anything."

"Can you read?"

"Yes—middlin'."

"Write?"

"Well, I've seed people could lay over me thar."

"Cipher?"

"Not good enough to keep store, I don't reckon, but as fur as twelve times twelve I ain't no slouch. 'Tother side of that is what gits me."

"Where is your home?"

"I'm from old Shelby."

"What's your father's religious denomination?"

"Him? Oh, he's a blacksmith."

"No, no—I don't mean his trade. What's his religious denomination?"

"Oh—I didn't understand you befo'. He's a Freemason."

"No—no, you don't get my meaning yet. What I mean is, does he belong to any church?"

"Now you're talkin'. Couldn't make out what you was trying to git through yo' head no way. B'long to a church! Why boss, he's been the pizinest kind of a Freewill Baptis' for forty years. They ain't no pizener ones'n he is. Mighty good man, pap is. Everybody says that. If they said any diffrunt they wouldn't sed it where I was—not much they wouldn't."

"What is your own religion?"

"Well, boss, you've kind o' got me thar—and yit you hain't got me so mighty much nuther. I think 't if a feller he'ps another when he's in trouble, and don't cuss, and don't do any mean things, nor nuth'n' he ain't no business to do, and don't spell the Savior's name with a little g, he ain't runnin' no resks—he's about as saift as if he b'longed to a church."

"But suppose he did spell it with a little g—what then?"

"Well, if he done it a-purpose, I reckon he wouldn't stand no chance, anyway, I'm most rotten certain 'bout that."

"What is your name?"

"Nicodemus Dodge."

"I think maybe you'll do, Nicodemus.—We'll give you a trial, anyway."

"All right."

"When would you like to begin?"

"Now."

So, within ten minutes after we had first glimpsed this nondescript, he was one of us, and with his coat off and hard at it.

Beyond that end of our establishment which was furthest from the street was a deserted garden, pathless, and thickly grown with the gloomy and villianous "jimpson" weed and its common friend the stately sunflower. In the midst of this mournful spot was a decayed and aged little "frame" house with but one room, one window and no ceiling—it had been a smoke-house a generation before. Nicodemus was given this lonely and ghostly den as a bed-chamber,

The village smarties recognized a treasure in Nicodemus, right away—a butt to play jokes on. It was easy to see that he was inconceivably green and confiding. George Jones had the glory of perpetrating the first joke on him. He gave him a cigar with a fire-cracker in it, and winked to the crowd to come; the thing exploded presently and swept away the bulk of Nicodemus' eyebrows and eyelashes. He simply said:

"I consider them kind of seeg'yars dangersome," and seemed to suspect nothing. The next evening Nicodemus waylaid George and poured a bucket of ice water over him.

One day, while Nicodemus was in swimming, Tom McElroy "tied" his clothes. Nicodemus made a bonfire of Tom's by way of retaliation.

A third joke was played upon Nicodemus a day or two later—he walked up the middle aisle of the village church. Sunday night, with a staring handbill pinned upon his shoulders. The joker spent the rest of the night, after church, in the cellar of a deserted house, and Nicodemus sat on the cellar door till toward breakfast time, to make sure that the prisoner remembered that if any noise was made some rough treatment would be the consequence. The cellar had two feet of stagnant water in it, and was bottomed with six inches of soft mud.

But I wander from the point. It was the subject of skeletons that brought this boy back to my recollection. Before a long time had elapsed the village smarties began to feel an uncomfortable consciousness of not having made a very shining success out of their attempts on the simpleton of "Old Shelby." Experiments grew scarce and chary. Now the young doctor came to the rescue.—There was delight and applause when he proposed to them the plan of frightening Nicodemus to death, and explained how he was going to do it. He had a noble new skeleton—the skeleton of the late and only local celebrity, Jimmy Finn, the village drunkard—a grisly piece of property he had bought of Jimmy Finn himself, at auction, for fifty dollars, under great competition, when Jimmy lay very sick in the tan-yard a fortnight before his death. The fifty dollars had gone promptly for whiskey, and had considerably hurried up the change of ownership in the skeleton. The doctor would put Jimmy Finn's skeleton in Nicodemus' bed.

This was done—about half-past ten in the evening. About Nicodemus' usual bedtime—midnight—the village jokers came creeping stealthily through the jimpson weeds and sunflowers toward the lonely frame den.—They reached the window and peeped in. There sat the long-legged pauper on his bed in a very short shirt and nothing more. He was dangling his legs contentedly back and forth, and wheezing the music of "Camptown Races" out of a paper overlaid comb which he was pressing against his mouth; by him lay a new jew's-harp, a new top, a solid india rubber ball, a handful of painted marbles, five pounds of "store" candy and a well-gnawed slab of gingerbread as big and thick as a volume of sheet music. He had sold the skeleton to a traveling quack for three dollars, and was enjoying the result.—*From Mark Twain's New Book, "A Tramp Abroad."*

* * *

A NORMANDY TEMPEST.

MILLET'S GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF SHIPWRECK ON THE COAST.

In the opening pages of the life of Jean Francois Millet, "Peasant and Painter," begun in *Scribner* for September, occurs the following simple and graphic description by Millet himself of a series of shipwrecks on the coast of Normandy, which formed one of the most striking memories of his childhood. There are not many records of calamities, or series of calamities so extraordinary:

"It was All Saints' Day. In the morning we saw that the sea was very rough and every one said there would be trouble. All the parish was in church. In the middle of Mass we saw a man come dripping wet, an old sailor, well known for his bravery. He immediately said that as he came along shore he saw several ships which, driven by a fearful wind, would certainly shipwreck on the coast. 'We must go to their assistance,' said he louder, 'and I have come to say to all who are willing that we have only just time to put to sea to try and help them.' And about fifty men offered themselves and without speaking, followed the old sailor. We got to the shore by going down the cliff and there we soon saw a terrible sight—several vessels, one behind the other, driving at a frightful speed against the rocks.

"Our men put their boats to sea, but they had hardly made ten strokes when one boat filled with water and sunk, the second overturned with the breakers and the third thrown up on shore. Happily no one was drowned, and all reached the shore. It was easy to see that our boats would be no use to the poor people on the ships.

"Meantime the vessels came nearer and were only a few fathoms from our black cliffs, which were covered with cormorants. The first, whose masts were gone, came like a great mass. Every one on shore saw it coming; no one dared speak. It seemed to me a child, as if death was playing with a handful of men, whom it intended to crush and drown. An immense wave lifted itself like an angry mountain and wrapping the vessel brought her near, and a still higher one threw her upon a rock level with the water. A frightful cracking sound—the next instant the vessel was filled with water. The sea was covered with wreckage—planks, masts and poor drowning creatures. Many swam and then disappeared. Our men threw themselves into the water, and, with the old sailor at their head, made tremendous efforts to save them. Several were brought back, but they were either drowned or broken on the rocks.

"The sea threw up several hundred, and with them merchandise and food.

"A second ship approached. The masts were gone. Every one was on deck, which was full; we saw them all on their knees and a man in black seemed to bless them. A wave as big as our cliff carried her toward us. We thought we heard a shock like the first, but she held stanch and did not move. The waves beat against her, but she did not budge. She seemed petrified. In an instant every one put to sea, for it was only two gun shots from shore. A boat was made fast alongside; our boat was filled instantly, one of the boats of the ship put off, threw out planks and boxes, and in half an hour every one was on shore. The ship had been saved by a rare accident; her bowsprit and forepart had got wedged in between two rocks. The waves which had thrown her on the reefs had preserved her as if by a miracle. She was English, and the man who blessed his companions was a bishop. They were taken to the village, and soon after to Cherbourg.

"We all went back again to the shore.—The third ship was thrown on the breakers, lashed into little bits, and no one could be saved. The bodies of the unhappy crew were thrown up on the sand.

"A fourth, fifth and sixth were lost—ship and cargo—on the rocks. The tempest was terrific. The wind was so violent that it was useless to try to oppose it. It carried off the roofs and the thatch. It whirled so that birds were killed—even the gulls, which are accustomed, one would think, to storms. The night was passed in defending the houses. Some covered the roofs with heavy stones, some carried ladders and poles and made them fast to the roofs. The trees bent to the ground and cracked and split. The fields were covered with branches and leaves. It was a fearful scourge. The next day—All Soul's Day—the men returned to the shore; it was covered with dead bodies and wreckage. They were taken up and placed in rows along the foot of the cliffs. Several other vessels came in sight; every one was lost on our coast. It was a desolation like the end of the world. Not one could be saved. The rocks smashed them like glass and threw them in atoms to the cliffs.

"Passing a hollow place, I saw a great sail covering what looked like a pile of merchandise. I lifted the corner and saw a heap of dead bodies. I was so frightend that I ran all the way home, where I found mother and grandmother praying for the drowned men. The third day another vessel came. Of this one they found possible to save part of the crew, about ten men, whom they got off the rocks. They were all torn and bruised.—They were taken to Gruchy, cared for a month and sent to Cherbourg. But the poor wretches were not rid of the sea. They embarked on a vessel going to Havre; a storm took them and they were all lost. As for the dead, all the hearses were employed for a week in carrying them to the cemetery.—They were buried in unconsecrated ground; people said they were not good Christians."

* * *

A COOL DARKEY.—An important case was being tried before the criminal court of District of Columbia. An old colored man was on the witness stand. The district attorney had before him a long list of convicted criminals. After glancing at it he interrogated the witness as follows:

"What is your name?"

"John Williams, sah"

"Are you the John Williams who was sent to the Albany penitentiary?"

"No sah; not this John."

"Are you the John Williams who was sent to the district jail for assault?"

"No sah; not this John."

"Are you the John Williams who was convicted for arson and sent to the Baltimore penitentiary?"

"No sah."

Tired of asking fruitless questions, the district attorney suddenly put a leading one:

"Have you ever been in any penitentiary?"

"Yes sah."

All eyes were now turned upon the witness. The district attorney smiled complacently and resumed:

"How many times have you been in the penitentiary?"

"Twice, sah."

"Where?"

"In Baltimore, sah."

"How long were you there the first time?"

"About two hours, sah."

"How long the second time?" queried the attorney, rather crest fallen.

"An hour, sah. I went there to whitewash a cell for a shyster lawyer who had robbed his client."

The lawyer sat down amid the laughter of the spectators.

* * *

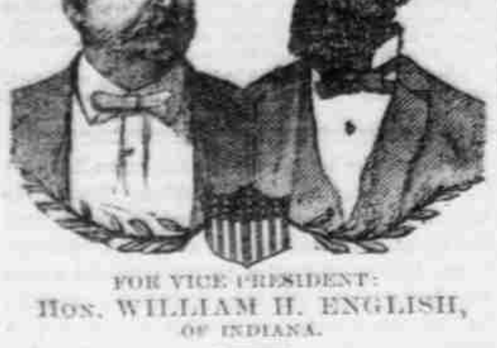
THE celebrated Horn silver mine, in Utah, has been sold to the Cunard steamship company for the enormous sum of $13,000,000. Three years ago the mine was sold by the discoverers of it for $25,000, to four men, who subsequently sold it to Jay Cooke and others for $7,000,000.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, - SEPT. 10, 1880.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.



FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HON. GEO. A. JENKS,
Of Jefferson County.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:
COL. ROBERT P. DECHERT,
Of Philadelphia.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:
A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.
FOR STATE SENATOR:
HERMAN BAUMER, of Conemaugh Boro',
[*Subject to decision of Democratic Conference.*]
FOR ASSEMBLY:
JOHN FENLON, of Ebensburg.
L. D. WOODRUFF, of Johnstown.
FOR PROTHONOTARY:
CHARLES A. LANGBEIN, of Chest Township.
FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER:
MICHAEL SWEENEY, of Cambria Borough.
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY:
WILLIAM H. SECHLER, of Ebensburg.
FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTORS:
FRANCIS J. BAKER, (3 years,) of Susquehanna.
GEORGE W. EASLY, (1 year,) of Johnstown.
FOR CORONER:
S. M. DOUGLASS, of Chest Springs.
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
HENRY SCANLAN, of Carrolltown.

WHAT is known as "hay fever" is prevailing in many portions of the North, but it isn't a circumstance to the Hancock fever which prevails all over the country, attacking men, women and children alike.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* publishes a letter from Harry White challenging his competitor, James Mosgrove, to a joint discussion. Knowing Mosgrove as well as we do, we would advise him to decline the invitation, not because he is not fully able to defend himself, but for the plain and obvious reason that White can tell more Republican lies in half an hour than he (Mosgrove) could answer in a whole week.

AT a Republican meeting in Philadelphia on last Friday night, A. K. Storey, one of the speakers, had a sufficient amount of cheek to say: "The Republican party gloried in the bloody shirt and never would bury it, as it was an emblem of its magnificent record." A party whose only record ever since the close of the civil war has been one of hatred and revenge towards the South and its people, is unworthy to live and deserves to be buried out of sight by the American people.

HON. AMOS C. NOYES, ex-State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, died suddenly, of paralysis, on Friday, at his home in Westport, Clinton county. He was sixty-two years old, was a native of New Hampshire, and came to this State in 1847. He served several terms in the Legislature, and only retired from the Treasurer's office on the 3d day of May last, having been elected thereto in 1877. He was largely interested in the lumber business, was widely known throughout the State, and was a man of the highest sense of honor and integrity.

AT a Democratic procession in Washington the other night a loyal, but nervous Republican, was satisfied that a rebel flag, consisting of stars and bars, was borne aloft as part of the show, and straightway went up a cry from the Republican organs that "Rebel Brigadiers" had invaded that city in advance of Hancock's election. When it was afterwards discovered that the offensive piece of bunting was the flag of Liberia, which was in a group of flags of various nations, the conclusion that Mr. Hayes should call out the troops was reluctantly abandoned.

THE reason why Don Cameron hasn't been heard of politically since Garfield's nomination is explained by the statement that he is the guest of Gen. Burnside at Warren, Rhode Island, and that he is still much broken up and nervous "from the effects of the Chicago convention." What a terrible thing that Chicago convention was? It sent Washburne straight to Europe for the benefit of his health, put a bridle on Conkling's tongue, and broke up Cameron's nervous system. John A. Logan, the roaring orator of the Illinois prairies, is the only one of the famous Grant "triumvirate" who has survived its withering effects unscathed. Great is James A. Garfield, of Mentor, Ohio, the man who sold out his friend, John Sherman, at Chicago.

SOME of the Republican papers are still harping on the transparent lie that Wm. H. English, while in Congress, was the author of the Lecompton bill, "by which it was attempted to deprive the Free State people of Kansas of their rights." The very reverse is the fact, for it was by defeating the Lecompton constitution that Mr. English gained his first honors in Congress. It was *his* bill in 1858 that gave to the people of the then Territory of Kansas the right to decide through the ballot-box whether they wanted slavery, or whether they were opposed to it. The "English bill" was a pathway through all the trouble that then surrounded the admission of Kansas into the Union, and that her people voted down slavery and established a free State is pre-eminently due to the sound judgment and statesmanship of William H. English. He fought that battle under the leadership of Stephen A. Douglass, and every man who can remember as far as back as 1858 knows precisely the position he (Douglas) occupied on that troublesome question.

WHAT Democrat from Maine to Oregon ever invented one of the damaging charges against Garfield which are now denounced by the Republican press as "Democratic lies?" Not one. It was the Poland committee, composed of a majority of Republicans (Poland, Banks and McCrary), who made their report to the House in 1873 charging Garfield with having been bribed by Oakes Ames with Credit Mobilier stock, amounting to $1,000. His own Republican constituents at a district convention held at Warren, Trumbull county, Ohio, in September, 1876, arraigned and denounced him, in the seventh resolution adopted by them, "for his corrupt connection with the Credit Mobilier." The New York *Tribune* and New York *Times*, then as now the two leading Republican papers of the country, denounced him together with the others who had taken shares of the same stock, and held him up to the scorn and contempt of the people. And so in regard to Garfield's sale of his official influence, as chairman of the appropriation committee, to the DeGolyer pavement company for the sum of $5,000, the payment of the money having been admitted by Garfield himself in his testimony before a Congressional committee. Garfield stands condemned, not by "Democratic lies," but by his own party friends in Congress, by a convention of his own Republican constituents, and by the leading organs of the Republican party.

REPUBLICAN editors having discovered from their brief, but bitter experience, that the military as well as the civil record of Gen. Hancock is absolutely unassailable, and that in their attacks upon it they have simply been gnawing at a file, have turned their batteries against Wm. H. English, the candidate for Vice President. Because Mr. English had money, which he had honestly earned, to lean on mortgage to persons for building purposes, or making other improvements, and because after it became due and remained unpaid he resorted to legal proceedings to get what was his own, he has been charged with extortion and held up as an oppressor. If one man borrows money from another he must repay it according to the contract, and if he neglects or refuses to do so he must be compelled to do it. Every good business man in the country acts upon this principle, and Mr. English has done nothing more, and besides this has never speculated on his debtors' misfortunes, as has been distinctly certified by Mr. English's two agents in attending to such matters for him, both of whom state that they are Republicans. It is creditable to the Indianapolis *State Journal*, the leading Republican paper in Indiana, that it refuses to publish the violent attacks which have been made against Mr. English as a business man or to sanction any imputation upon his high character for honesty and integrity.

THE result of the Arkansas election, which took place last Monday, was just as every sane man believed it would be, viz: the success of the Democratic State ticket by a majority of about 50,000. There was no Republican ticket in the field, but notwithstanding that trifling circumstance the organs of that party in the North will raise the old and stale cry of intimidation and fraud in the count. The Altoona *Tribune* will roll the result under its tongue as a sweet morsel showing Democrat deviltry in all its blackest forms, and by next Monday, if it is in its usual luck, will have made the discovery that Arkansas, like Alabama, has its Lowndes county, where every colored voter was bulldozed either with a pistol or a bludgeon as he approached the polls. An amendment to the constitution repudiating a part of the State debt contracted under carpet-bag rule was voted on by the people, and, it is gratifying to know, was defeated, judging from the returns thus far recived. Much of the credit of this result in maintaining the plighted faith of the State is due to Gen. A. H. Garland, a United States Senator from Arkansas. He is one of the eternally abused and misrepresented "Confederate Brigadiers," but he is an honest man and as jealous of the honor of his State as he is of his own.

WHEN one member of Congress undertakes to "borrow" money from another member of Congress he should be very careful to borrow in round sums, say $300 or $330, and not that odd amount, $329, the sum for which Oakes Ames gave a check to Garfield, which the latter, after the Credit Mobilier business had began to be talked about, wanted Ames to consider as "a loan." The Poland committee, however, even after Garfield had sworn before it to the following effect: "*I never owned, received or agreed to receive any stock of the Credit Mobilier, or of the Union Pacific Railroad, nor any dividends or profits arising from either of them,*" had no difficulty, after all the evidence had been heard, in accounting for the manner in which Garfield happened to get just $329, neither more nor less, from Ames, and in their report to the House explain the *modus operandi* as follows:

> The facts in regard to Mr. Garfield, as found by the committee, are that he agreed with Mr. Ames to take ten shares of Credit Mobilier stock, but did *not* pay for the same. Mr. Ames received the eighty per cent dividend in bonds and sold them for ninety-seven per cent. and also received the sixty per cent. cash dividend, which, together with the price of stock and interest, left a balance of $329. This sum was paid over to Mr. Garfield by a check on the sergeant-at-arms and Mr. Garfield then *understood this sum was the balance of dividends after paying for the stock.*"

THE Republicans carried Vermont on Tuesday last, and "Richard is himself again." Never in its history did so many stump speakers traverse that State, nor so many brass bands play to admiring crowds, and all to keep in line a State which has voted for the Republican party from time immemorial. Maine, which in 1840 "went h—l bent for Governor Kent," will do as Vermont did—elect the Republican ticket on Monday next. Colorado will elect State officers on the 5th of October, and West Virginia, Ohio and Indiana on the 12th.

IT was W. *Irvine* Woodcock, and *not* W. *Lee* Woodcock, as we stated last week, who said in a speech in Altoona that Wade Hampton and "Georgia Butler" would be members of Hancock's cabinet. We make due apology to W. Lee Woodcock, and now apply what we then said to W. Irvine Woodcock.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

THE CAMBRIA DEMOCRACY—VACCINATION—AN ARMY OF BATHERS—EGGS $3,000 PER DOZEN—THE BIG SHOW—GREAT COUNCIL OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—NOT A SUCCESS—SIXTEEN MILE CIRCLE—REPUBLICAN FRAUDS—CHEERFUL SEPTEMBER—UNITED DEMOCRACY, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 7, 1880.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

It is to be hoped that Cambria will never again be disgraced by such a ridiculous muddle as existed in its Democratic ranks last year—that the Democracy will never again suffer such a shameful defeat of any of its candidates as overwhelmed its late candidate for Sheriff. Last year's election, it is to be hoped, has taught the Cambria Democracy a lesson which will serve a good purpose for the future. The Democracy of Cambria, when united, are irresistible, but when distracted and divided, as they were last fall, the result establishes the fact that a house divided against itself cannot stand.

ARM SCRATCHING.

From a table giving the amount paid each physician of this city employed by the Board of Health for vaccination purposes, it appears that over eleven thousand persons have been vaccinated during the year. The Board employs twenty physicians, all of whom seem to do some considerable scratching. One physician scratched no less than sixteen hundred arms.

AN ARMY OF BATHERS.

Since the Delaware and Schuylkill baths have been established the mortality among the small boys of the neighborhood has diminished amazingly. So great a measure of success has attended the two new bath houses that the Councils will be called upon to erect two more for next summer's use. The records of the Superintendent show that up to this time 50,000 of the unwashed disported themselves in the basin on the Delaware, and 45,000 in the floating tub on the Schuylkill. Thus has already an army of nearly 100,000 gowned and clouted girls and boys doused themselves in the public free baths. Heretofore the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers have sent many little boys into eternity, but the bath houses have changed that grim business altogether.

EGGS $3,000 PER DOZEN.

Mr. William A. Welsh, who shied two eggs at Miss Georgia Parker, who was warbling on the stage at the Walnut street theatre last week, has made the amend honorable by writing Georgia an apologetic letter containing $500. The warbling Miss had instituted suit against the egg-shying Welsh, but his combination of contrition and cash mollified the wrathy warbler and she withdrew the suit. Eggs are rather expensive missiles. Five hundred dollars for throwing two eggs at an actress is at the rate of three thousand dollars per dozen.

THE GREAT SHOW.

The State Fair was nominally opened to the public on Monday of this week, but was formally opened on Tuesday by Governor Hoyt. The exhibition is an immense and interesting spectacle, and presents many grand features. But, come to think of it, it will not pay me to describe them all, and so I will at this time merely tell the readers of the FREEMAN that there are *seven hundred* head of hogs on exhibition.

GREAT COUNCIL OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Philadelphia is soon to be the scene of meeting of the largest and most representative body of Presbyterians which has ever taken place in the world. For the second time in the history of the Church, its leaders in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Hungary, Australia, India, Italy and Canada will assemble together under one roof to take council together concerning the means which should be employed to still more effectually spread the gospel of Christ. Nearly four hundred prominent ministers and laymen, representatives from all parts of the world, will meet together to impart and receive information concerning the progress of the Presbyterian faith and to discuss measures by which it may be increased. The sessions are to commence on the 23d instant and close on the 3d proxime.

THE SIXTEEN MILES CIRCLE.

The Philadelphia *Sunday Times'* sixteen miles circle gives within said limits a population of over one million of people, all of whom are in a technical sense citizens of Philadelphia. Connecticut, with Rhode Island thrown in, has less inhabitants than Philadelphia and its suburbs. The States of Maryland, Mississippi, Louisiana, Kansas, and even the great California, have each less of a population than Philadelphia. The population of this one city is one-fourth of the entire population of the State, and one-fiftieth of the entire population of the country. Philadelphia to-day has a population as great as that of the entire State in 1820.

NOT A SUCCESS.

Gen. Hartranft is not at all successful in organizing an army of "Boys in Blue" for the Republican party. While the soldier boys are willing to join Hancock and Garfield clubs, they are not willing to be especially run by office-holders during the campaign in order to help politicians who can't help themselves. Gen. Hartranft can't obey the order of that political factotum of the "Boys in Blue" for the Republican party, and the order of that political factotum, Adjutant General Drake M'Kay, is therefore not a success.

MONSTROUS REPUBLICAN FRAUDS.

The publication of the circular from the Democratic Campaign Committee charging gross frauds upon the part of the election division assessors has created quite a breeze in political circles. The matter is in the hands of George M'Gowan, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Thomas J. Barger, Chairman of the Committee on Elections and Divisions. The action of the Democracy shows that a bitter warfare will be waged in the coming contest, the matter being in the hands of the gentlemen above named.

CHEERFUL SEPTEMBER.

Gladly do the people welcome the incoming of September, the month that brings with the fruits of fall that of the noble oyster. The bard of the *Record* joyfully sings:

"Hail, brightest day of all the year,
The bounding oyster now is here;
Four months of "r"less names are gone—
Cheerful September now comes on.
The oyster from his ocean bed
Now raises up his shapely head;
His long vacation now is o'er,
We gladly welcome him once more."

He also gushingly sings: "For seventeen long and weary weeks we've moaned as those whose sorrow speaks in quivering voice and moistening eye, his absence from the stew and fry. The social "stew," the "broiled on toast," the "raw on shell," the 'family stew.'"

A UNITED DEMOCRACY.

I am pleased to be able to confidently assure our country cousins that for the practical purposes of this campaign the Philadelphia Democrats are a unit, as is also the Democracy of the city of New York. Although in both cities there may not be entire cordiality in their agreement to agree, and old rivalries may still smoulder underneath the surface, still, as before observed, for all the practical purposes of the Presidential campaign both the Philadelphia and New York Democrats are a unit. The reconciliation of the Tammany and Irving Hall factions of the New York Democracy, which is signalized in the call of a convention to be held on the 28th instant, at Saratoga, confirms the promise of a solid union made at Cincinnati, and will carry New York for General Hancock. The Republicans cannot therefore base their calculations upon Democratic discord in either city. In Philadelphia the zeal of the men who are in the lead, with their thorough political knowledge and force of character, will inspire confidence in the masses, and the largest Democratic vote ever polled in this city will be the result. With our Democratic Campaign Committee headed by Lewis C. Cassiday, who has associated with him such men as George M'Gowan, Thomas J. Barger, Isaac Leech, and other great workers, the whole Democratic and Conservative hosts will be marshalled not only for an agressive but for a brilliant and successful campaign. In this city to-day there is a united Democratic party which will inspire confidence in the Democratic ranks throughout Pennsylvania, and which will place her in the column of Democratic States. To Lewis C. Cassiday, Chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee, much credit is due for effecting a reconciliation of the different factions in this city. He was instrumental in preventing a serious split in the Democratic State Convention at Harrisburg, and in uniting conflicting interests in the National delegation in the late Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati. It was Mr. Cassiday's resolution, offered in the State Convention, that calmed the troubled waters and brought about a peaceful solution of the difficulties; and it was his wise counsel at the National Convention that had the effect of reconciling the differences in the State delegation. Cassiday and his lieutenants are making preparations for the prosecution of the most active and thorough canvass ever made in this city.

I YIELD THE PALM TO FILLEY.

Mr. Chauncy J. Filley, late Postmaster of St. Louis, an original Grant man and now an enthusiastic Garfield man, excels all others as a campaign song writer. I had some pretensions in that way myself, but I "acknowledge the corn" and yield the palm to Filley. His able picture of the high moral character of Garfield is the ablest campaign poetic production yet given to the public.—Hear him:

Our Jimmy on the tow-path walked strictly by the moral rule,
He never smoked, nor chewed, nor swore, nor kicked the patient mule;
He thought his sinful thoughts in Greek, was temperate as Gough;
So we'll elect our Jimmy, though it takes the hair all off.

SUITS AGAINST ASSESSORS ABANDONED.

The prosecution of the assessors, spoken of in my last letter, has been abandoned. The entire business is to be left to the courts to settle when the lists are brought up for purging. The judges in court will have to spend many days in purging the lists which the assessors are paid for making correctly, and if they will make an example of a few of the obviously incompetent assessors they will do the community a great service. The names of non-residents are purposely left on the lists in order that they may be voted on by repeaters, or that the ballot-boxes may be stuffed with less danger of detection. The registration of last year was known to be grossly inflated, and yet this year's lists show an increase of nearly *twenty thousand*. Accustomed as the people of Philadelphia are to careless and fraudulent expansions of the list of voters, the returns of the registry just completed will nevertheless prove startling. The villainy of Philadelphia Republicans is certainly incredible.

G. N. S.

HON. A. H. COFFROTH AND THE SOLDIERS.—Patriotism and justice should know no party, and thank God that to-day there are leading Democrats who stand as the peers of any Republicans on behalf of the interests of our soldiers. Among these we give prominent place to Hon. A. H. Coffroth, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Coffroth is a bold and fearless debater, and in a discussion in the House of Representatives in March last, when attacked by Blackburn, of Kentucky, who was an officer in the confederate army, he pointedly answered: "You were a traitor to your country and you ought have been hanged for your treason." After this terrible thrust, Blackburn subsided and has since abstained from any tilt with the Pennsylvania member. We were much gratified to observe in the Harrisburg *Patriot* the other day a letter from more than one hundred soldiers of both political parties addressed to Mr. Coffroth, commending his speech on the Pension Court bill. Among other complimentary remarks in their letters the soldiers say: "We are glad to note that there is one in the zenith of political aspirations who does not forget the afflicted soldiers, and the widows and orphans of the deceased."

The position of Coffroth at this time is one in which every soldier is deeply interested. He is chairman of the committee appointed to investigate the Pension Office. That committee has already done and in the future will continue to do a great and good work for the soldiers, and as this work may go along after the existence of the present Congress, which expires in March next, Mr. Coffroth's labors should continue in the prosecution of his efficient and important work, already so admirably pushed. No green, inexperienced member could fill his place. In view of this fact and of Mr. Coffroth's work yet to be finished to secure the court of pensions as well as his active attention to all the interests of soldiers we warmly advise the soldiers and their friends of Bedford, Blair, Cambria and Somerset counties to stand by their true and faithful representative and send him back to Congress by an overwhelming majority. Politics should not be considered in such a case. It should not have the weight of a feather with the soldier.—*National Tribune.*

A DISASTROUS CYCLONE.—As will be seen in another column, all doubts as to the fact of the steamer City of Vera Cruz has been set aside. The stately vessel that sailed from New York on the 25th of August, equipped with all luxuries that one could desire during a sea voyage, is no more, and the only evidence of her ever being built lie in the timbers that bestrew the Atlantic coast of Florida. The storm she encountered was, in the estimation of the inhabitants of Florida, the severest ever experienced in that region. It is quite evident that she was caught in that votex, where like in the tornadoes that develop on land, the force was overwhelming. A drag was used by one of the survivors—they were but "handfuls" compared with the number of souls that were on the vessel—but the sea washed and beat her to pieces. No sign of a raft or boat can be found, they, no doubt, being the first to be torn from her and broken up. One would hardly believe that the storm, after having been so destructive, could now be moving over the northern part of our territory in the shape of a most harmless depression, but such is the fact. It crossed the peninsula of Florida and moved northwestward until it reached Illinois, and is now passing eastward again without the least sign of its having caused so much loss of life and property as reported from the Eastern Gulf States.—*N. Y. Herald.*

GENERAL HANCOCK SATISFIED.—Among the callers upon General Hancock Monday was Senator Wallace, who told the candidate that things looked very encouraging in Pennsylvania. With Indiana safe in October, he said, the Democrats will surely sweep the Keystone State. Senator Kernan accompanied Senator Wallace. He will make campaign speeches in several States this fall. General Hancock expressed himself more freely than usual with reference to the campaign. He talks very little on political topics to his visitors, but Monday he expressed satisfaction with the condition of the canvass, particularly commending the practice of holding joint discussions between political orators of both parties. He was in excellent health and spirits.

—As our reporter came along Water Street last night, shivering with the chill night air, and drawing his overcoat tightly about him, he thought, "now is the time for colds and coughs," but if poor mortals only knew what a certain cure Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is, how few would long suffer, and then it costs only twenty-five cents.—*Sandusky (Ohio) Register.*

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE admits both sexes. Endowment half a million.—Tuition *free*. Courses of study, Classical, Scientific, and Agricultural. A thorough Preparatory Department. Expenses $3 to $5 per week. For catalogue, address

JOSEPH SHORTLIDGE, A. M.,
[8-13.-12t.] Pres. State College, Pa.

—Ayer's Ague Cure is an infallible cure for Fever and Ague in all its forms. The proprietors warrant it, and their word is as good as a U. S. bond. Try it.

LETTER FROM PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG, August 6, 1880.

Special Correspondence of the Freeman.

The weather is hot—politics hotter; the weather is on the cool—politics is getting hotter; one is a physical discomfort, the other almost a mental malady. The lengths some people carry their political feelings seem unwarranted, for to the majority of people it does not matter much who rules, they must earn their living anyhow.

The heat we have had in Western Pennsylvania during the last two weeks has been relieved by cool nights. The Arizona papers give the weather reports of the Yuma district as the warmest place in the United States. The thermometer there has been from 103° to 111° since the 9th of July. When the sun goes down the temperature drops to about 80°, but that is too warm for comfort.

Mr. Hayes proposes to pass through Yuma on his return, and he will get a little sample of the hot weather of the hereafter. If he comes home, as advertised, it will be one of the most dangerous journeys in the whole United States. After he leaves the railroad east of Tucson he will come by stage, visiting the Tombstone and Shakspeare mining districts, thence through Silver City, New Mexico, to Sante Fe, and home by that route. From the end of the track east of Tucson to Santa Fe is about 575 miles of staging, through the roughest and wildest country on the continent. Victoria, the Apache chief, is cavorting around that locality, and Rutherford had better take the very best troops he can draw from the slim garrisons of Forts Grant or Cummings, or Bayard, if he expects to camp out with any security, or has much desire to live out his term. I do not believe he will come home that way; travel by railroad is much better than by any of the Star Route Coaches.

The latest outrage not fully reported in that region is the murder, by Victoria's band, of Gen. J. J. Byrne, the chief of a locating party of Texas-Pacific engineers, near El Paso on the American side, and killed everybody in it. Beyond the mere fact, telegraphed by Col. Grierson from Eagle Spring, we have no further particulars.

That was an amusing speech made at the Washington City ratification meeting the other day, by the old man who presided. "I have seen," said he, "every President of the great United States elected by the people except Washington. I never have seen Mr. Hayes and hope to God I never will; he is a pretty good man, they say, in his way, but his way is a stealing way, and I don't desire to see him." This little speech was received with deafening applause. Montgomery Blair followed in a telling speech. Old Ben Butler is the best card we have lately in the line of converts, or rather reinforcements. His speech at Worcester in declining the Democratic nomination for Governor was full of good sense, as was that in Boston, when he first came out. Of Hancock's letter Gen. Butler says: "If any one desires to read his (Hancock's) mind and search out the springs of his actions, let him read that most admirable letter to Gen. Sherman, written in the confidence and under seal of private correspondence. It exhibits Gen. Hancock's innermost thoughts as the obedient soldier when within the line where obedience is duty, the analytical statesman who guiding himself by research into the language and principles of the constitution evinced a determination not to recede one hair from its mandate, nor step one inch beyond its provisions, under whatever stress or pressure."

He adds: "Every word of Hancock's letter to Sherman might be well written to-day, under the light of all that is past, and would be equally sound after the event, as it was prophetically sound before the event."

His closing paragraphs were excellent; "Men of Massachusetts! you have now the golden opportunity to put the destinies of the country under the guidance of his firm hand, strong will, mature judgment, loyalty to the Union for which he battled, and fidelity to its constitution, which he has ever made the guide of his action."

I see Judge Black is being interviewed extensively by the press and gets off some of his good things. He cracks Garfield over the cope as frequently as if he had lately learned the art in Ireland, and then slips a withering sarcasm at him and his followers that is worth a whole mass meeting to us.

The boss of all sarcastic speakers, Conkling, is to speak here next week. He has ten appointments to fill, not that he hates Garfield any less, but that he loves Roscoe more; so to air his carefully prepared speech he cometh. It will be the same speech repeated ten times, and in point of make up will, no doubt, be well done, but like many misplaced adjectives, his eloquent words will fly around the head, but not come near the heart. Daddy Thurman is the man to get back at Conkling. When he shakes out that bandanna and squares himself Conkling begins to look little, and by the time he is through you will have to look under the desk to see the Senator from New York. There was nothing so enjoyable to a Democrat in the Senate galleries at Washington, at any time during the last four years, as Thurman's chase after Conkling. The last time Thurman came home I happened on the cars with him, and in talking the matter over he said: "You will see the damnedest scuffle in the Senate some of these days between Wallace and Conkling that ever you heard of. They are both walking around each other now like the two fighting men of the neighborhood, afraid to tackle each other, but they will get at it some of these days."

What a hippodrome it would make to have Daddy Thurman follow Conkling around and speak after him.

REMARKABLE MARITAL BRUTALITY.—In St. Louis an astonishing case of marital brutality has been disclosed in a divorce suit recently filed by Freida Bosse against Dr. Louis Bosse. They were married July 27th of this year, and two weeks after he began a course of ill treatment, which continued until the 24th ult., when plaintiff says she fled from him to save her life. As an instance of what the petition calls the "eccentricity of cruelty," Mrs. Bosse alleges that her husband would beat and kick her unmercifully, and then call in the stable-boy, and in his presence beat and kick her again, until she acknowledged she was perfectly satisfied with the treatment. He frequently compelled her, she says, to bring the food from the table and present it to him on bended knee, and when he had satisfied his hunger would still compel her to remain in a kneeling position and fan him while he took a nap. He had a playful habit of calling up the stable-boy, before mentioned, and ordering him to abuse his wife, and if she demurred she was hammered about in the usual way. On the day she left him he told her that he would kill her that night and sell her bones for a couple of drinks. The petition makes many other allegations of unheard-of brutality, and prays for relief and alimony.

REV. P. N. GRANGER, of St. Albans, Vt., who is Presiding Elder of the St. Albans District, in a letter of recent date, says: "I will say that my experience with Kendall's Spavin Cure has been very satisfactory indeed. Three or four years ago I procured a bottle of your agent, and with it cured a horse of the lameness caused by a spavin. Last season my horse became very lame and I turned him out for a few weeks, when he became better, but when I put him on the road he grew worse, when I discovered that a ring-bone was forming. I procured a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and with less than a bottle cured him so that he is not lame, neither can the bunch be found."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets. [9-10-2t.]

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Anything less than ten thousand majority for the Republicans in Maine is a defeat.

—A Cincinnati debtor, failing to secure the extension of a note by a woman, committed suicide in her presence.

—In Kittanning Mr. Andrew Adams, aged about 21, married a Mrs. Cravener, aged 81. They went home singing and drunk.

—A ten year-old scamp picked up by the Jersey City police mystified them for hours by adroitly personating Charley Ross.

—A field of tobacco was struck by lightning last week, near Mount Joy, Lancaster county, and the leaves look as though they had been frozen.

—Miss Sue L. Beatty has been appointed by the United States Circuit Court at Pittsburg a special examiner to take and report testimony in an oil suit.

—An unknown person fired into a Democratic procession at Hagerstown, O., on Saturday night, killing Perry Wilson, a spectator. No arrests were made.

—Ex-State Treasurer A. C. Noyes died from a paralytic stroke, at his home at Westport, Clinton county at twelve o'clock Friday night, aged sixty-two years.

—Immense swarms of flies passed over Guysboro, N. S., on Sunday. They came from the east and resembled a dark cloud. People were much alarmed.

—The boiler of a portable saw mill, exploded near Vinton, Ohio, on Monday, killing Samuel Davis and James Donnelly, and seriously injuring another man.

—Mrs. Baglin, of Carroll county, Ky., recently walked two miles to a circus, her liking for diversion of that kind having lasted until she is in her ninety-ninth year.

—Fifty-one ears of hot corn made a meal for Elias Druckerbrate, at Uniontown, Ohio, on a wager. The last ear was eaten cob and all, and washed down with a pint of whisky.

—Very heavy storms are predicted for September, on the Atlantic coast, and as a consequence all the life-saving stations have been equipped one month earlier than usual.

—The Republican School Board of Allegheny City has declared that it is in the interest of harmony and social order to keep the white and colored children in separate school buildings.

—The stuffed skin of a two-year-old Spitz dog, on exhibition at the Imperial Hotel, Windsor, measures six and one-half inches from nose to tip of tail, and stands three and one-fourth inches high.

—A husband eloped from Portage, Wis., with a widow and her two daughters. After traveling as far as La Crosse he deserted the mother and one daughter, disappearing with the prettiest of the girls.

—The Paris *Soir* announces that a boat belonging to Prince Gallitzin foundered on the 3d inst., off the coast of Finnisterre, Viscount Fleury, Mrs. Hennessy, an American lady, and two natives of England were drowned.

—A female foot, enclosed in a kid boot, was picked up on the beach near New York the other day. The woman who would neglect to take off a good shoe before throwing away one of her feet must be recklessly extravagant.

—The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* says that three men were about to cut a watermelon in a saloon at Athens, when it exploded with a loud noise, sending fragments flying all over the room. One of the men had an eye destroyed by the explosion.

—At Toisnot, N. C., Saturday, a steam boiler in a saw, grist and planing mill exploded, wrecking the buildings and hurling Wiley Batts and Edward Whitehurst forty yards through the air. Batts is fatally and Whitehurst seriously injured. The loss is $5,000.

—Here is a straw which shows how the soldier vote is drifting. In New York, out of three hundred and fifty members of Dahlgren post, Grand Army of the Republic, of whom not more than twenty are Democrats, about two hundred intend to vote for Hancock.

—Of the 29 passengers and 50 crew of the steamer City of Vera Cruz, which foundered in a hurricane on the Florida coast, south of St. Augustine, Sunday morning, Aug. 29th, two or three passengers, two engineers, two quarter-masters and four seamen have come ashore alive.

—A call is out for a Central Republican Hancock club in New York city, signed [illegible] persons who have hitherto acted with the Republican party. It is designated to serve as a nucleus for Republican Hancock clubs throughout the State many of which have already been formed.

—Four boys while swimming in the Christiana river near Wilmington, Del., were fired upon by Captain John W. Morton, of the schooner Sonder, who had ordered them to keep away from his vessel. All were wounded, but only one—Harry Riley—seriously. Morton is under arrest.

—Joshua Nye, the Prohibition candidate for Governor of Maine, asserts that a leading Republican of Bangor has attempted to bribe him to withdraw, offering him any office he should select. Osgood, the man first nominated by the Prohibitionists, declined after he had publicly accepted.

—The house of David Robinson of Glenfield borough, Allegheny county, was struck by lightning on Saturday. Mrs. Robinson and a daughter were seated at a table on which was lying a piece of paper. Reports say that the paper was burned by the lightning, but the ladies were not injured.

—On Monday last 120 repair men, working on the Lehigh Valley railroad, between Allentown and Bethlehem, were forced to seek shelter from the heavy rain in a shed. While there they took a vote on the presidential candidates. One hundred and nineteen voted for Hancock and one for Garfield.

—At Fairview, Ky., a tramp entered the residence of F. A. Hawkins and demanded of his wife, in angry tones, his breakfast. The lady being alone screamed for help when her large Newfoundland dog rushed in, seized the tramp by the throat, severing the jugular vein and causing instant death.

—A peach tree grows at Rockingham, North Carolina, that sprang from the seed of a peach that the late General Garland held in his hand when he was killed at Boonsboro, during the civil war. He was eating a peach when he was shot down, and Captain Guerrant got the seed and planted it on his place in Rockingham.

—Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, recently spent about $3,000 in the construction of a cave for the cultivation of mushrooms. He has employed a professional mushroom grower to take charge of it, and naturally anticipates, it may be supposed, after so liberal a provision, that the results will prove compensatory.

—Charlie Boyd made a signal failure of his plan of vengeance at Belleville, Ill. He tried to shoot David Walker, who had been attentive to Mrs. Boyd, but missed him and let him escape. Then he attempted to murder the woman, but only wounded her slightly. Finally he was himself killed by Walker, who had returned with a gun.

—An interesting feature of the approaching State Fair in Philadelphia will be that of dogs driving or herding sheep. Each dog competing will be required to take five sheep from a pen, drive them a certain distance to another and pen them. These trials will be held daily on the grounds during the week of the sheep and wool exhibit.

—Sam Crawford undertook to kill the four members of William Tate's family, at York, S. C. He had wounded Mrs. Tate and a daughter when help came, and was compelled to run away. A physician attended to the injured woman and departed. In the morning Tate was found dead, Crawford having returned to his murderous task.

—At Bodie, Col., on Sunday, George Watkins killed a police officer named Whitaker and died shortly after from wounds inflicted by that officer. A Spaniard killed John Hackwell, a miner, in a saloon on account of Hackwell's beating a waiter-girl, and John Baum killed a man named Costello, the trouble growing out of the same occurrence.

—Mack Parow, of Grand Rapids, Mich., died after sixty-three days of voluntary fasting. He believed he had a cancer in his stomach and quit eating. During the rest of his life he took only sweetened water occasionally and one teaspoonful of ice cream. The autopsy proved that he had been mistaken about his stomach, his sole trouble being in the brain.

—John Kissinger, aged eighty-one years, the father of thirty-four children, died a few days ago a short distance from Monterey, Pa. Kissinger was married twice, his first wife dying from grief caused by the burning of their house containing nine children, all of whom were burned to death. His second wife survives him, and is said to weigh in the neighborhood of three hundred and fifty pounds.

—Mrs. Nancy Wright died near Witt Springs, Ark., a few days ago, at the age of 90 years. She was born in North Carolina during the period of the Indian troubles and learned to handle the rifle with great dexterity. She chopped down trees, cleared fields and made rails, plowed and did other outdoor work. At the age of 17 she married a Baptist preacher and removed to Tennessee. They had thirteen children.

—On Monday evening as the train from Titusville entered the station at Corry, Jas. A. Wells, a mulatto, belonging to the former place, shot and fatally wounded Cyrus A. Ball, a porter on a Pullman palace car, for being on too intimate terms with Mrs. Wells. Wells had suspected his wife of being unfaithful for some time past and on Monday night, when the car stopped, he went in and there found his wife with the porter. This so enraged him that he drew a revolver and shot the latter in the breast and then gave himself up to the officer.

—A correspondent of the Washington *Post* wants to bet $500 that the following named gentlemen will be either in General Hancock's Cabinet or represent the country abroad: Jere S. Black, Pennsylvania; Allen G. Thurman, Ohio; William R. Morrison, Illinois; William A. Wallace, Pennsylvania; Ex-Governor Hubbard, of Texas; Samuel J. Tilden; William Pinkney Whyte, Maryland; Professor Richard Randolph McMahon, West Virginia; R. T. Merrick, Washington, D. C.

—The family of Franklin Kentner, residing near Womelsdorf, in Berks county, were aroused the other night from their slumbers by the screams of their four months' old child. To their horror they found a huge rat grappling with the babe and biting it in the throat. The rat shook the babe as a terrier would a rat and then jumped from the cradle and escaped. The child was horribly mangled and died from convulsions and loss of blood. It was privately buried on Sunday evening.

—Margaret Fary, residing with her husband in a tenement house in Providence, R. I., came to her death Sunday afternoon under singular circumstances. Two young roughs were abusing their mother under her window. Mrs. Fary remonstrated, whereupon they commenced throwing stones at her, one of which struck her with so much force that she died in about two hours. A cursory examination of the body showed no mark of the missile. The boys who threw the stones, named O'Brien, have fled.

—Henry Kinghorn, a blacksmith, killed his wife at Hartford, Conn., on Friday night. He is a hard drinker, and his wife long suffered from his abuse. She helped largely in the support of the family by dress-making, and was busy working a sewing machine when her husband placed a pistol near her head and discharged it. He then went to the station-house, surrendered himself to the police and confessed the deed. He says he meant to kill his wife, and purchased the pistol in the morning for that purpose.

—A Womelsdorf, Berks county, correspondent of the Reading *Eagle*, says that Samuel J. Tilden, of Gramercy Park, has offered $1,000 for "the largest dog in America," which is now at that place. The dog is an Ulm dog, and was bought in Germany last summer. He weighs one hundred and eighty-two pounds, measures six feet nine inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, and is only two years old. He attracted Mr. Tilden's attention at the last dog show in New York city, having received the first diploma. The dog sleeps in his master's room at night and would be an ugly customer to encounter.

—A young colored girl, of intelligent appearance, who arrived in Toledo, Ohio, on Friday, relates a surprising story of her past life, which is generally believed to be true. She gives her name as Maggie Brooks, and says that she is 16 years of age. Fourteen years ago, while living in Toledo with her parents, she was kidnapped by a French woman traveling in that part of the country, and taken to Cuba. She was there kept as a slave, fed on loathsome food, and treated in the most inhuman manner, being often shot at, and is now carrying a bullet in her neck. She was taught, however, to paint and make wax flowers, and from the results of her labors her mistress derived a large profit in the Philadelphia, San Francisco and Paris Expositions. When Gen. Grant visited Cuba she managed to make known to him her real status, and the General at once quietly set about to effect her release, which he accomplished in a short time, and had her taken to Galveston, Texas. From there she made her way to Toledo in search of her parents, of whom she has as yet found no trace.

—Mr. Henry Grier, an old citizen of Newburg county, S. C., made a startling and sickening discovery on Saturday morning. It seems that he was very fond of fishing, and on that day started for his usual Saturday all-day excursion. He went to his favorite place, the Little River, and threw in his hook, but the fish did not bite. Looking into the water, he saw the outlines of a man's body on the bottom. Horrified, he at once summoned help. When the body was taken out the men found another near it. Old man Grier fell back aghast when he discovered that both of the bodies were those of his only sons, young men aged twenty-one and twenty-four. An examination showed that a terrible deed had been committed. The oldest of the young men had bullet wounds in his left breast and back, and the other one was wounded in the breast. In addition to the bullet wounds, the bodies had been weighted down by large rocks tied to them. The cause of the tragedy is not known, and the young men had not been missed from home. The affair causes intense excitement.

—The hanging of the desperado McDaniel, by the enraged farmers of Pickaway county, Ohio, though done with all the decorum that lynch law will admit of, was a barbarous deed. He was a desperado of the most perfect type, full of romance, fond of lively company, which he took pleasure in amusing until he took a notion to shoot or stab somebody for the sake of variation. Shooting and stabbing he regarded as the real business of his life, and he pursued it like a man in earnest. The whole region round his home had been for years in terror of him, and when he became finally uncontrollable the people rose and hanged him. Perhaps he deserved hanging. But where were the officers of the law? Where had they been during all the years of McDaniel's fierce and bloody lawlessness? It would seem as if they had been in hiding from him. A community that will suffer year after year from such a wretch and at last turn out and murder him in defiance of law and social order is not such an one as should be found in the State of Ohio. That commonwealth had best keep quiet about lawlessness in others until she has wiped out the memory of this desperado's career and of his tragic fate.

HON. A. H. COFFROTH AND PENSIONS.—A correspondent of the Harrisburg *Patriot*, evidently a soldier of the late war, has this to say of the able and honorable gentleman who represents this district in Congress, and whose election for a second term is one of the most probable events of the near future:

> EDITOR PATRIOT—The most valuable service that a Congressman can render his constituents to-day is to look after the interests of the needy pensioners or applicants for pensions, who, since the dangers of war have passed, are too often left to mourn in neglect.
>
> A notable example of this is found in the person of Mrs. Lucinda Wenrich, of West Hanover. Her husband and two sons went into the Union service during the rebellion. Amos M. Wenrich and John J. Wenrich, the two sons, belonged to company D, Forty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Amos was drowned at Dam No. 8, January 31, 1862. John was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Daniel Wenrich, the husband and father, belonged to company C, One Hundred and Third regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and contracted a disease while in the service from which he died after his discharge. The mother made application for pension on June 13, 1879, and her claim has not yet been acted upon by the pension department. She is getting old and feeble, but is compelled to support herself by her own labor. If the department is written to for cause of delay in her claim the only reply (if any) is a demand for additional evidence, some of which has been furnished long ago. The case is one out of thousands.
>
> The only person in Congress that appears to exert himself in behalf of the disabled soldier and the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers is Hon. A. H. Coffroth, of the Somerset district. He has exceeded all others in kindness, sympathy and zeal, and I for one am under lasting obligations to this big-hearted man for securing the prompt passage of my claim; and there are numbers of others I might mention whom he has similarly befriended. As I was entirely unacquainted with Mr. Coffroth before the last Democratic State Convention, and do not live in his district, I am convinced that his efforts in behalf of the soldiers spring from the purest motives and show his love for the defenders of the Union. See what this noble man has to say in a letter to the writer under date of June 12, 1880:
>
> "It is a crime on the part of those in authority to inexcusably delay the many claims for pensions now pending. No one who is familiar with the workings of the pension office will for a moment deny that pension applicants are inexcusably delayed on the merest technicality and for the most frivolous reasons. It is time that the men who went into the army and put down the rebellion and saved our country from disunion, should wake up to their interests and demand justice from the government they saved."
>
> Hon. A. H. Coffroth, occupying the prominent position he does—to wit: Chairman of the committee on pensions and investigation of the pension office—should all means be returned to Congress, because his experience in matters relative to soldiers' claims places him in a position to know what further legislation is necessary to procure their speedy and more prompt passage, and almost every effort put forth by Mr. Coffroth shows that he is working arduously and earnestly in behalf of the defenders of the Union. In conclusion, I would say, the soldier who votes against Hon. A. H. Coffroth votes against his best friend.
>
> Harrisburg, August 31, 1880. C. W. HAYES.

SOME UGLY RUMORS.—There are rumors afloat in a portion of the Third Ward which would seem to demand immediate investigation by the proper legal authorities, and some of the stories are told with such directness as to involve something more than mere suspicion that a dreadful crime was perpetrated in that district last Saturday night. People residing on a certain street there heard a series of piercing screams issuing, late at night, from the lips of a female, who was then occupying the rear portion of a building on said street, and one party alleges that through a crack in the building she could see from her window that a girl or woman was undergoing what seemed to her to be an operation which is marked down in the criminal calendar as being one of the worst crimes in the statute-book. Subsequently the lights were put out, and a two-horse carriage was brought around. The girl, who was still moaning, as if in great pain, was placed in this, and hastily driven away. There are still other stories in this connection, but it is not in our province to give names or places until the matter is investigated. Some of the folks living in the vicinity of the building to which we refer should have the proper authorities take steps with a view of discovering whether these rumors are true or false.—*Johnstown Tribune, 7th.*

WHAT THEY THINK OF COFFROTH IN MINNESOTA.—The Hennepin County [illegible], published in Minneapolis, Minnesota, [illegible] the following editorial:

We observe by Pennsylvania papers that Hon. A. H. Coffroth, present Democratic member of Congress from the Seventeenth district, is a candidate for re-election, with [illegible] by a largely increased majority. [illegible] He now spends his time and [illegible] Pennsylvania will [illegible] Hancock. Gen. Coffroth, [illegible] committee on pensions, [illegible] tional reputation. Here in Minnesota, [illegible] Pennsylvania, he is known and recognized [illegible] ly as the soldiers' friend. [illegible] any man in Congress [illegible] indebted for all that has been [illegible] of equalizing bounties and extending [illegible] presentation of claims for pensions. [illegible] nothings, and they are forced [illegible] the bills with as much energy as [illegible] himself. Such a man [illegible] the next [illegible] State Gen. Coffroth will [illegible] "the fourty [illegible] of thunder" [illegible]

WANAMAKER & BROWN

HOW TO
GET Clothing
under Price.

If we could sell a little more of this and a little less of that, we could make things come out even—the last man that came in would carry off the last suit; but we can't. Out of every stock there are a great many sizes left when some are gone. The best we can do with these incomplete assortments is to mark them low enough to set a great many people looking among them for bargains.

This we do every day at this time of year; and just now we have enough of such to stock a little store.

Besides, odd parts of suits get left—coats, vests and trousers. We have a room in which there is nothing else. There is in that room cheaper clothing than you have any notion of. We call it the Bargain-Room.

These marked-down suits and garments are of all sorts; they may be among the best in the store.

We force a continual clearance of such articles as would only embarrass us and keep our stocks always fresh and full.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Oak Hall, Sixth and Market,
Philadelphia.

HOW TO
GET almost
Everything.

Do you know how to get in the easiest way and to best advantage what you want in dress and house-furnishing?

First, how: Write for a catalogue; see what you can learn from it about the things you want. If samples can be useful to you, ask for them and state your wants so plainly that exactly the right samples can be sent.

Second, where: The place where goods are kept in the greatest variety; where they are sold for what they really are in respect to quality; where prices are lowest; where most care is taken to serve customers acceptably; and where you have the right to return whatever is not satisfactory.

There—no matter where you are—if you make your wants known and avail yourself of your privileges, you will get the best things in the best way, promptly and without trouble or risk; sometimes by mail, sometimes by express, almost always at less cost for carriage than the money you save in the price.

John Wanamaker,
Philadelphia, P
Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper

THE RATIONAL TREAT
Cures Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bron
Asthma and Consumption. [illegible]
pepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidne
ease, Womb Disease, Sexual Weak
and Nervous Exhaustion. [illegible]
cine scheme; but remedies [illegible]
case.
Address H. LANDIS, M. D. [illegible]
your full name, P. O., State and Co. [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE [illegible] the best Family Knit-
ting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of
stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in
20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy
work for which there is always a ready market. Send
for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting
Machine Co., 409 Washington st., Boston, Ma

WM. H. SECHLER, Attorney at
Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office [illegible]
onade Row, (recently occupied by [illegible]
Esq.) Centre street.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents.
Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICK-
ERY, Augusta, Maine.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - SEPT. 10, 1880.

BEST OFFER EVER MADE.

"FREEMAN" Three Months and a Valuable Book for 50 Cents.

and other owners of live stock are in- the welfare of their animals and should have ready reference a book describing to which their stock are subject and therefor. In consideration of this procured for the benefit of all persons large number of copies of

endall's Treatise on the Horse,

which and the CAMBRIA FREEMAN for will be sent to any old or new subscri- bria county **for 50 cents**, or to any scriber outside of the county **for 55** than that, we will send an extra paper for three months and an extra book to any person who will forward us subscribers, at least one-half of whom ones, accompanied by the cash—$5.00 case may be. To those who do not be for our paper the book alone will 25 cents per copy, or five copies for L'S TREATISE ON THE HORSE" con- illustrating positions assumed giving treatment of diseases in such hensive language as to be readily any one of ordinary intelligence, and Messrs. L. & S. W. DAVIS, livery- and hundreds of other authori- the best work of the kind ever is- ce of this fact read the following: Hall, of Canandaigua, N. Y., writ- publishers, says: "I have bought books that I paid five and ten dollars for, like as well as I do yours. It is dif- anything I ever saw." of the *Western Sportsman and Live* bears testimony to its intrinsic merits "It is a book every horse owner and no breeder of horses can afford to

said, this is the best offer ever made, scribers as well as new can have the Even those in arrears will be credit- months' subscription and be entitled the book by sending us 50 cents, or if to settle their accounts in full, and we that course, we will present each of copy of the book as a free gift offering. time to subscribe for a live Democratic local newspaper, and no better op- doing so has ever been or ever will be Those who have already paid for the will certainly not object to paying an ad- months, those in arrears should not a moment about accepting one or other liberal offers we have made them, and have never taken our paper will be more with this trial trip if they conclude venture. Democrats and Republicans interested in the approaching election, we are confident that the latter will be in the result, we promise to let them as possible if they will only give us put the FREEMAN and the horse book should and probably would do an im- amount of good, politically and equine-ex- remittances can be made in currency, sil- stamps, and the sooner the better.

CAL AND PERSONAL.

There and the Other Place.

rrels and other game should be shot to gun-ter.

is the first week of Court, but our count don't seem to have found it

ressman Coffroth addressed the ts of Hollidaysburg and vicinity

weather last week was remarkably but for the last several days the cold horrid.

Cambria county Democrats are go- to the pole-r expedition business with feet looseness.

st, strayed or stolen—the man who ed to bring us a load of kindling wood a week ago.

"bold soger boys," to the number of left on Monday evening for the at Thomson station.

etters for Samuel Howard, of Lloyds- and Miss Susie Kirsh, of Carrolltown, for postage in Altoona.

A Tyrone man named John Carey was by a fall of coal or slate in the mine Huntingdon the other day.

It must be true because every one says "Kendall's Spavin Cure" is the best thing own. Read the advertisement.

The Catholic parochial school in this opened on Monday, for a ten months' with twenty-eight pupils.

A new stock of goods has just been re- and will positively be sold at the low- prices by M. J. Teitelbaum, Loretto.

—"Kendall's Spavin Cure" is highly re- commended by Prof. Williams the wonder- horse trainer. Read advertisement.

Mr. Geo. W. Storm, the accomplished and well-known portrait and landscape painter of Wheeling, W. Va., was in town this week.

—Political and picnickian subjects demand much space this week that our brief men- tion department has been somewhat curtailed.

—For fifty years "Sellers' Liver Pills" have brought health and happiness in thous- ands of homes. Ask your druggist for them.

—If any of our delinquent subscribers lost their pocket-books while attending Court week, we beg to assure them that they didn't pull them out in this office.

Among the true blue friends of the FREE- MAN who made the printer's heart glad this week, Messrs. R. Zane and Wm. Adams, of Conemaugh, stand pre-eminent.

—We venture to say, judging from what we saw and heard at Roaring Spring on Saturday last, that the printers would rather picnic than pie type any day in the week.

—We have only had time this week to take a hasty glance at the Cherrytree *Record*, a new journalistic venture which looks neat and seems to be full of vim and vigor. But of this more anon.

—A rattling Democratic campaign song written by our staunch old friend, G. Nelson Smith, Esq., of Philadelphia, has been obliged, for want of space, to take a back seat until next week.

—To mothers whose children are weeping.—Sweet and balmy slumber secured for the little ones, and coughs and colds rapidly banished, by the use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

—Speakers for Democratic meetings can be secured by addressing the Chairman of the County Committee, Mr. Wm. H. McMullen, Johnstown, at least one week before their services are needed.

—A swarm of angry bees flew into the residence of Mr. J. Sipes, of Shade township, Somerset county, one day during the recent warm spell, and stung some eight or ten persons in a frightful manner.

—The military encampment at Thompson station, Allegheny county, bears the very questionable name of "Camp Hayes," but in order to hide the fraud as much as possible it is pronounced "Cam Pays."

—A. Port and Laporte are both running for office on the Republican ticket in Huntingdon county, but we trust that neither of them will get enough support to make *the* port on the first Tuesday of November next.

—M. B. Roberts' Embrocation will not cure all diseases that human flesh is heir to, but for Rheumatism, Sprains, Swellings, Burns or Flesh Wounds it has no superior, if it has an equal. Sold by all druggists at 35 and 50 cts.

—If you have a horse for sale, one package of Roberts' Horse Powders will improve his condition to the extent of 10 per cent. in his selling price. Farmers figure this out. 25 cents buys a package. For sale by all druggists. [9-3.-1m.]

—Editors Woodruff, of the Johnstown *Democrat*, Schubert, of the Johnstown *Freie Presse*, and Williams, of the Carrolltown *News*, were among the many enthusiastic Democrats who attended the big meeting at the Court House in this place on Monday night.

—A son of Crispin whom the Altoona *Tribune* calls Joseph Marks, a resident of Gallitzin, is credited with the shooting of thirty-two squirrels near that place on Saturday last. Joseph is evidently a good Marks-man, even if his right name is Martz, and not Marks.

—The pole raising at Lilly's to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, noticed elsewhere, will be followed by a meeting in the evening, at which Col. John P. Linton, of Johnstown, and Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., of this place, will do the talking. And don't you forget or allow any of your Democratic neighbors to forget it.

—Those interested in good horses will do well to read Mr. Towle's letter in another column on spavin, ring-bone, etc., with Methods of Treatment. We are informed that Mr. Towle is one of the best agricultural writers in Vermont, and no doubt his investigations on this subject will be of great benefit to horse owners.

—While driving a coke car at Glen White, Blair county, on Wednesday, John McNew stuck his head out to look back, and at that instant was caught between the car and a post standing within two inches of the track and the life crushed out of him. He was a single man, aged 45 years, and formerly resided at Lewistown.

—Samuel Hilty has been found guilty (no rhyme intended) on seven counts for stealing over one hundred head of sheep from some of the farmers of Bell and Washington townships, Westmoreland county. He had boldly confiscated the animals and drove them to the East Liberty stock-yard, where he sold them. Not yet sentenced.

—Mr. Israel Crum, one of the oldest citizens of Portage township, died at the residence of Mr. Edward McGlade, by whom he had been employed in chopping wood, on last Sunday afternoon, aged about 75 years. The remains were turned over to the poor authorities of the county and were interred in what is known as the Crum graveyard on Tuesday.

—Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound stands at the head of all preparations of Tar Hoarhound, and it needs only one trial to satisfy the most incredulous that it will do all that is claimed of it; *that for Coughs and Colds it has no equal*. Sold by V. S. Barker & Bro., Ebensburg, and by all druggists, at 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

—This is not a fairy tale, although there is some magic about it; and if you have any desire to find out what kind of a tale it is, or wherein the magic lies, ask your druggist for a bottle of Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, and the secret may be learned from the inside wrapper. Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50 cents. [9-3.-1m.]

—"To be or not to be?" That is the question." Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the aches and pains that human flesh is heir to, when overtaken by a severe cough or cold, or to purchase a bottle of Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, and by thus opposing, end them. Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50 cts. per bottle. [9-3.-1m.]

—"Quoth the Raven, never more!" But he had no reference to Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, for it only needs one trial for people evermore to use it in cases of Colds or Coughs and all affections of the Bronchial Tubes. Sold by all reliable druggists at 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Also for sale by V. S. Barker & Bro., Ebensburg.

—Here it is again. The Democrats of Gallitzin and parts adjacent propose to elevate a tall hickory pole to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, and hold a big meeting to-morrow evening, which will be addressed by Congressman Coffroth, of Somerset, and Representative Fenlon, of this place. Let there be a grand rally of all the "frosty sons" in that vicinity.

—They said: "She never told her love, but let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on her damask cheek;" but when they found it was not love, but the remains of a cold that was surely and sadly leading to consumption, they procured for her a bottle of Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound. It is needless to remark that she recovered. Sold by all druggists. 25 cts. per bottle.

—The grocery store of Mr. Jesse McGough, in the basement of his residence at Portage, this county, was entered by some unknown party a few nights ago and despoiled of a silver watch, a couple of silver chains, two gold rings, and a lot of groceries and other articles, the total value of which Mr. McGough estimates at $75. Some of the stolen property was taken from a desk, which was broken open by the thief.

—It is said that no excursion tickets to the Pittsburgh Exposition will be sold by the P. R. R., but that several *special* excursion trains will be run during its continuance and tickets for the round trip will be sold at greatly reduced rates. There will also be an excursion to the State Fair in Philadelphia on the 15th or 16th of this month, when equally favorable inducements will be offered in the way of reduced fares.

—Our good friend Wm. Litzinger, Esq., of Loretto, came to town on Monday last, and while here did what he has been in the habit of doing regularly for several years past, paid another twelvemonth's subscription to the FREEMAN for himself and two of his sons, to all of whom our paper has been a constant visitor ever since we commenced its publication. A happy printer would we be, if all our patrons were such as he.

—Gen. Coffroth, the present and prospective member of Congress from this district, tarried with us from Monday until Wednesday of this week, making as usual many new friends and still further enthusing those who have been with him from the first. The General has an abiding faith in his re-election, and all the Democrats in the district and not a few Republicans will see to it that he is not disappointed in his expectations.

—Wm. McGough, Esq., Secretary of the Washington Township Hancock and English Club, requests us to say that the Democrats of said township have determined to raise a magnificent hickory pole at Lilly's to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon. The pole will be 120 feet in length and is to be surmounted with an appropriate streamer. All friends of our noble candidates are respectfully invited to attend and give the pole and the cause a big boost.

—A fine lot of fresh groceries just received by M. J. Teitelbaum, Loretto, and to be sold at the following wonderful low figures: Sugar, 8 cts. per lb.; best brown sugar, 9 cts. per lb.; white sugar, 10 and 11 cts. per lb.; green coffee from 15 to 22 cts. per lb.; best molasses from 32 to 70 cts. per gallon; the best tea in the market at 60 cts. per lb., and all other goods at prices equally moderate. All goods in Teitelbaum's new store at Munster will also be sold at prices fully as cheap.

—Messrs. Wilkinson & Eberly, marble manufacturers of this place, turn out no work that is not a credit to them, but they completed a monument the other day for Aloysius Swope, dec'd, and this week set it up in the Catholic cemetery at St. Lawrence, Chest township, that will ever stand as one among the many evidences to be found all over the county of their skill and proficiency. Mr. Wilkinson is a master workman, and whatever is assigned to him to do is always done well and at moderate prices.

—Samuel Gardner sat down on the end of a railroad cross-tie near Morrellville, just below Johnstown, on Monday last, with a shotgun over his shoulder, and while in that position a freight train came along and the engine struck the barrel of the gun, and as Gardner had a firm grasp on the stock at the time he was thrown violently to the ground, sustaining injuries of a very serious if not fatal character, the greater portion of his scalp being torn off and his right lung crushed in. He was removed to Johnstown, where he lies in a precarious condition.

—Our young friend John C. Dickey, of Altoona, was presented on Tuesday last with an elegant silver pitcher and several goblets by his friends and associates in the P. R. R. Car shops in that city, where he has filled the position of assistant clerk for several years past, but from which he has just retired, owing to his somewhat impaired health, for the purpose of accepting the place formerly occupied by him as ticket agent at Hollidaysburg, *vice* S. P. Waugaman, resigned. The presentation was quite a surprise to Mr. Dickey, who is as modest as he is worthy.

—A partially demented man named Abraham McCoy, who has been an inmate of our county alms house for about fifteen years, was attacked by a ferocious bull while crossing a field near that institution on Monday evening last, and was knocked down and so terribly gored that no hopes are entertained for his recovery. The clothes were nearly all torn from his person and his body horribly lacerated, causing his bowels to protrude. He managed to crawl to the pig-pen, from whence his cries were heard at the house about 9 o'clock when he was taken in and cared for.

—Mr. Geo. W. Bradley, captain of the Athletic Base Ball Club, of Loretto, desires us to say that it was not his club, but the National Club, of that place, which was so badly worsted in a match game recently played with a picked nine from Ebensburg. The Athletics, he further declares, have never yet been defeated, and what is more, they are willing to wager $150 against $75 that there is no club, picked nine, or other base ballists in the northern part of Cambria county who can "get away" with them in a match game—this challenge to remain open until October 1st.

—A Hancock and English Club was organized in Summitville borough on Tuesday evening of last week, at which time the following officers were elected: President, Lieut. John Lynch; Secretary, Jas. B. Sharbaugh; Corresponding Secretary, W. D. Boland. Regular meetings of the Club are held on Saturday evening of each week, but this (Friday) evening a special meeting will be held for the purpose of fixing upon a time for raising a Hancock and English pole, which when raised will be the highest pole in the State, its length and altitude being considered. For the above facts we are indebted to Mr. W. D. Boland, late census enumerator and Corresponding Secretary of the Club in question.

—Two or three of the drunken rowdies who disgraced themselves and disgusted everybody else by their disreputable conduct in front of the hotel at Roaring Spring, Blair county, on Saturday evening last, hurled several stones at the printers' picnic train just as it was pulling out from the depot at that place, one of the missiles passing uncomfortably close to the head of Mr. Chas. Baker, of the New Bloomfield *Freeman*, and striking the car in which we were seated made a large dent in one of the panels. Quite a panic among the passengers ensued for a short time, but as the train moved off and no further demonstration was made, the affrighted men, women and children soon recovered their equanimity. The stone throwing, if we mistake not, was first inaugurated by some equally vicious wretch on board the train.

—A desperado named G. S. Beynon, *alias* Tippits, *alias* Brown, who was committed to jail, some time ago for a larceny committed in Johnstown, and who made a desperate attack on jailor Griffith, Capt. Davis and young Webster Griffith one day last week, the former of whom he punched in the eye and injured quite painfully with the ragged end of a stick, which he first broke in two by striking the jailor over the arm, while they were attempting to remove him from one cell to another, was to have been discharged yesterday having been found not guilty, but when it was found that he had demolished the shackles which had been put upon him, and had broken the lock, both of which he threw into the cesspool, and had also broken the blind door to his cell, he was taken before Justice Kinkead and committed for trial at the next term of Court on the charge aggravated assault and battery.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—Court met in regular session last Monday morning, at the hour of 11 o'clock, with his honor Judge Dean presiding, and Associate Judges Flanagan and Thomas occupying seats on the bench. A very full attendance of grand and traverse jurors was present. Mr. E. V. Barker was appointed foreman of the Grand Jury, and such was the celerity with which business was transacted that certain presentments were certified to Court before the hour of high noon. The criminal list, as advertised, was large, embracing beyond thirty cases, none of them of much importance to the general public; but out of this list, only comparatively few were brought to judgment. Resolutions of respect to the memory of John G. Lake, Esq., and George W. Oatman, Esq., both deceased, were read. After hearing and filing the returns of constables, Court adjourned to meet again at 2 o'clock, p. m., when the call of the roll of attorneys, for the purpose of motions, petitions, etc., was proceeded with. It occupied all afternoon. Meantime, sixty or seventy foreigners were duly qualified to take part and parcel in the arduous job of electing somebody President next November.

The following cases were disposed of on Tuesday:

Commonwealth vs. Edward Golden—larceny. Jury called and sworn who find defendant guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted.

Commonwealth vs. Lewis Garvagnati. This individual plead guilty to the charge of larceny, and to a second similar charge he submitted.

Commonwealth vs. Maggie Rhyle and David M. Rhyle—larceny, Mary Reighard, of Johnstown, prosecutrix. Maggie plead guilty and submitted, and a *nolle prosequi* was entered as to husband.

John E. Gatchell plead guilty to the charge of assault and battery, and the sentence of the court was that he should pay a fine of five dollars and the costs of prosecution, etc.

Commonwealth vs. John McHale—assault and battery. Defendent pleads guilty and submits. Fined dollars and costs.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Jacob Roehm, charged with having sold intoxicating drink on Sunday, was continued.

Caroline Smith and Frank McDonald were charged with selling liquor without a license. The man plead guilty. As to the woman, a jury was called and sworn, who found her not guilty. Frank sentenced to pay a fine of $200 for the use of the Commonwealth, and also the costs of prosecution, and to undergo four months' imprisonment in county jail.

Peter Matthews came up on the grave charge of assault and battery with intent to commit a rape, with Annie M. George as prosecutrix. He plead guilty as to the first part of the indictment, and a nol pros. was entered as to the second count. Sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars, the costs of prosecution, and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for the period of one month.

Chauncey Myers, for indulging in his natural propensity for thieving, was arraigned, and adjudged guilty.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. John and Samuel McCreevy, larceny and receiving stolen goods, was reached at the hour of four o'clock. A nol pros. was entered as to the first named party, and the jury went out at six o'clock to determine whether Samuel was as bad a man as they said he was. At eight o'clock they returned with a verdict of not guilty, the ringing of the bell calling Court in special session to register the decree.

Com'th vs. Wm. McDonald—selling liquor without license and keeping a tippling house. Not a true bill and county to pay costs.

Com'th vs. Geo. S. Brown *alias* Geo. S. Tippins—larceny; Geo. Heerie, prosecutor. Not a true bill.

Com'th vs. Minnie Brown—fornication. Isaac Craig, prosecutor. Def't not taken.

The grand jury, after having transacted a large amount of business in a short time, were discharged, with thanks from the Court, at four o'clock.

WEDNESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Com'th vs. Harry Adams—larceny; Benj. C. Statzman, prosecutor. On motion of District Attorney and by leave of Court a nolle prosequi was entered on payment of costs by defendant.

Com'th vs. Wm. Rattigan and Jos. Sweeny—aggravated assault and battery and simple assault and battery; Chat. McCreight, prosecutor. Defendants not taken.

Com'th vs. Israel Donmyer—Fornication and bastardy; Sarah A. Myers, prosecutrix. Settled by parties, bond filed and nolle prosequi entered on payment of costs by def't.

Com'th vs. Joseph Weisser—selling liquor on Sunday and selling liquor to be drank on the premises on Sunday; Jas. Shumate, prosecutor. Defendant not taken.

Com'th vs. Edw'd Gordon—larceny; Benj. Williams, prosecutor. Jury find defendant guilty as in manner and form indicted.

Com'th vs. Conrad Roth and Com'th vs. Carl Schubert—libel; Elizabeth Lint, prosecutrix. Both cases tried together and both defendants adjudged guilty. Motion made for a new trial and pleas to be heard next Monday.

Upon reception of the verdict in the latter case, at 8 o'clock, P. M., Court adjourned until 10 o'clock on Monday next.

Thursday, October 28th, was appointed for Argument Court.

* * *

APROPOS OF THE PRINTERS' PICNIC.—Having held a position on the Executive Committee of the Juniata Valley Printers' Association which brought us more frequently and intimately than others of said Committee in communication with the several railroad officials who so kindly furnished transportation without money and without price to the many members of the craft and their wives, sweethearts and other friends who attended the picnic at Roaring Spring on Saturday last, we deem it a duty specially incumbent upon us to return the thanks of ourself and of the Association to General Superintendent Pugh and his efficient and gentlemanly Chief Clerk, Mr. T. J. Maitland of the P. R. R., as well as to all the other gentlemen named in the resolution adopted by the Association and printed elsewhere, for the very courteous and exceedingly generous manner in which they responded to our every wish, far from modest though they were. That the Executive Committee saw fit to place us in such a position may have been less of a compliment to our fitness than to our abundant "cheek," but now that the work has been done and the generous beneficence of the gentlemanly railroad officials above named and referred to has been fully enjoyed, it affords us more than ordinary pleasure to recall the fact that the Committee was listened to patiently, treated kindly, and furnished promptly with the eight hundred tickets necessary to make the printers' picnic what it really was, one of the most successful and enjoyable affairs of the kind thus far held under the auspices of the the Association. To Messrs. Pugh, Maitland and the other gentlemen who so generously and abundantly provided for the printers on this as on other occasions too much praise cannot be awarded nor too much honor given, and as for ourself personally we shall ever hold each and all of them in grateful remembrance.

* * *

CAPT. S. W. DAVIS, of this place, made a very narrow escape from serious injury if not instant death on Monday evening last, while attending to the embarkation from this point of the company under his command, which took its departure that evening for the military encampment at Thomson Station, Allegheny county. After seeing the greater part of his company seated in the cars, and before he succeeded in having all the arms and equipments put in the baggage car, the train started, and dropping everything the Captain hastened to get on board, but in his eagerness he failed to grasp the railing of the car platform with as firm a grip as his safety demanded, and as a consequence he fell to the ground and came very near being thrown under the wheels, the result of which would have been shocking to contemplate. As it was, he sustained little if any injury, and recovering himself almost instantly he sprang to his feet and made another effort, this time accomplishing his purpose without further adventure. It was indeed a narrow escape, and the Captain and his many friends have reason to thank God for his fortunate delivery from serious if not fatal injury.

* * *

A SPECIAL despatch to the Harrisburg *Patriot* from Petersburg, Huntingdon county, dated the 5th inst., says: About 5 o'clock yesterday morning, the first section of Union Line going east, struck and severely injured two young men named Martin Hagens and John Reesman, at a point one and a half miles from this place. The young men were stealing a ride on the westward freight train, and as it had to lay over at this point to be passed by two passenger trains, they jumped out of a box car in which they had been concealed, and seated themselves on the rails of the south track. It seems they fell asleep while sitting there and did not awaken in time to escape the accident which befel them. Both are from the vicinity of Altoona, and, it is rumored, have parents in good circumstances. Hagens had both feet and left hand cut off. His skull was also fractured, besides being bruised otherwise. He cannot survive. Reesman received a severe wound in the back. The place where the accident happened is within two miles of the point where the large wreck occurred in which the two unfortunate Harrisburgers, Crawford and Shriver, were killed.

* * *

—Our usual Altoona and Johnstown business notices have been unavoidably crowded out this week.

GRAND DEMOCRATIC RALLY.—In response to the call of the Chairman of the County Committee, an immense gathering of the Democracy of Cambria county assembled at the Court House in this place on Monday evening last, Sept. 6th. The meeting was preceded by the assembling at their club room of the members of the Hancock and English Club of Ebensburg and Cambria township, now numbering over ninety members, who marched to the Court House in a body, preceded by the Carrolltown cornet band, their own martial band, the American flag and a beautiful and richly embroidered blue silk banner purchased at an expense of $50 and that day received by C. F. O'Donnell, Esq., whose purpose is fully explained by the legend inscribed on the banner in letters of gold, to wit: "For the Banner Democratic District of Cambria," under which legend is a handsome chicken-cock in full feather and bright plumage, bidding defiance to all the radical roosters, legislative and otherwise, as he seems to crow *over* the immortal words of Gen. Hancock, the noble leader of the Democratic hosts, when he says in the motto inscribed beneath: "The bayonet is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen." The procession was also headed by a flaming flambeau or torch, large and brilliant, borne aloft and shedding its weird light over the assembled multitude.

The mass meeting was called to order by Wm. H. McMullen, Esq., Chairman of the County Committee, who presented the following list of officers for the occasion:

President—Hon. John Buck, Carrolltown.

Vice Presidents—Peter McGough, Esq., Portage; F. D. Saupp, Loretto; Anselm Weakland, Elder; Philip J. Sanders, Munster; Albert Bender, Gallitzin; Mich'l Donahoe, Washington; Casper Leib, Barr; A. T. Findle, Blacklick; John McCoy, Clearfield; Jas. Moreland, Wilmore; J. J. Craig, East Conemaugh; Jos. Kountz, Johnstown; Chas. Heisel, Adams; Wm. Cole, Richland; John Stenger, Taylor; Abram Culin, Yoder; Eli Horner, Stonycreek; Daniel McPeak, Cambria borough.

Secretaries—H. A. McPike, Ebensburg; T. S. Williams, Carrolltown; C. T. Schubert, Johnstown; Lieut. John Lynch, Summitville; Joseph Durbin, Allegheny; H. C. Devine, Elder.

The nominations were endorsed by acclamation, but only the usual number came forward to accept the positions assigned them.

On taking the chair Mr. Buck tendered his thanks for the honor conferred upon him, but avowing his inability to make a speech, he called upon R. L. Johnston, Esq., to introduce the orators of the evening, which he did in his usual happy manner, the introduction being preceded by music from the Carrolltown band. The first gentleman presented was the gallant and invincible Democratic candidate for Auditor General, Col. Robert P. Dechert, of Philadelphia, a gentleman of acknowledged ability, unquestionable integrity and immense popularity, and who can scarcely fail to prove a decided success as a political Lemon-squeezer on the 2d day of November next. Mr. Dechert was received with loud and long-continued applause, and during the continuance of his able and argumentative speech was frequently interrupted by similar outbursts of approval and encouragement. After referring to the pleasure it afforded him to meet the Democracy of Cambria county, and expressing his gratification at finding his political friends here as elsewhere so thoroughly united and so fully alive to the importance of the present campaign, the gallant Colonel proceeded as follows:

Four years ago, my friends, you were engaged in a contest equally as important as the national contest of to-day. Then you presented eminent citizens as your standard bearers, and made a struggle in every State of the Union. You called upon the people to come out and vote in favor of the issue you had raised, which they did, and at the polls in November, 1876, by a clear majority of the electoral vote, and by a popular majority of over 250,000, you elected your candidate, but by a new-fangled tribunal, something before unknown, but which we were willing to accept because it contained the names of honorable members of the Supreme Court of the United States, you found those gentlemen whom you had elected by this large majority declared not elected, and those who were actually defeated by the people at the polls were inaugurated into these high offices, and have been since performing the duties pertaining thereto. No other party but the present Democratic party could have lived under such circumstances. Any other party would have been crushed to the earth, and could not again have entered into a contest of such great importance with the vim and energy shown then, because of the certainty it would feel of meeting with the same results again. But such was not the case. You went to work and reformed your shattered lines, "picked your flints," and in 1877, wherever there was an election, the Democracy were just as earnest in asserting the principles of the party as ever before. And so it was in 1878 and 1879; and then they resolved as they have fully resolved now, that this great fraud of 1876 must be expunged from the history of our country. This cannot be done by sitting sulking in our tents, complaining of the fraud perpetrated upon us, but it can and must be done by the people at the ballot-box and by a majority so overwhelming and so unmistakable that it cannot be in the power of either house of Congress, or any branch of the Government, or any Electoral Commission, to wipe out the unmistakable verdict of the people at the polls in November next.

When our national Convention met in Cincinnati we were almost on the verge of a precipice; we were near the crater of a volcano so far as the existence of our party was concerned.

The speaker then referred to the dissensions in the party in New York and Pennsylvania, and also to the uncertainty as to the course which would be pursued by the representatives of the Democracy from the South. Continuing, he said:

But the South, throwing aside their personal preferences for the sake of the welfare of the country, had said: "We want this war to be over; we want to have all the issues that were involved in the war settled unmistakably; and lest we be again misunderstood we are willing to take a Northern man as our standard-bearer, and it shall be he who was the greatest soldier of the North during the war." They recognized the ability of Gen. Hancock in war and his magnanimity in peace, and were willing to take him.

The speaker then told how happily the differences between the factions of Tilden and Kelly, of New York, were reconciled, and how a similar and equally fortunate reconciliation of opposing factions in Philadelphia had taken place, meantime assuring his hearers that New York was no longer a debatable State. Returning to the work of the Cincinnati convention, Mr. Dechert continued:

But, my friends, Gen. Hancock was no sooner nominated than there were many objections urged against him by the opposite party. They said, "O, yes, Hancock was a good soldier during the war and we are willing to applaud him for his patriotic act, but he is now disgracing himself because he is willing to permit those men who were in rebellion against us to vote for him for President." Some orators have even said that he is now the legitimate successor of Gen. Lee in leading the Confederate army in an attack on the people of the North, and endeavoring to do what Lee failed to do—capture the city of Washington.—These assertions are made with much solemnity, or otherwise they would not require any attention. Let me answer them with a few words and illustrations. Was Gen. Grant disgraced by receiving the votes of certain persons in the South who were in rebellion against us, and whom he afterward rewarded for having supported him by placing them in the cabinet or other high positions? Was Mr. Hayes disgraced (any more than he was disgraced by the acceptance of an office to which he never was elected) by accepting the vote of Gen. Key, and putting him in his cabinet?" You remember when Gen. Grant, during his first term, selected Col. Ackerman, of Georgia, a rebel who had commanded a rebel regiment to be Attorney General of the United States, simply because he promised to bring Grant all the rebel support he possibly could; and you remember, too, that Grant appointed Gen. Longstreet, another rebel, to a lucrative position in New Orleans; and that Gen. Mosby, a free-booter, whom Gen. Lee refused to receive because he did not regard him as a gentleman, even though they did fight for the same cause, was received at the White House when reputable Republicans and Democrats from the North could not obtain admittance thereto. This man Mosby was the man Grant received into the White House at Washington, and he is the man who now, by the appointment of Grant, and the continuance in office by Grant's successor, represents this Republic at the court of China. This man who was not only a rebel and a free-booter, but as many people think, also a thief, represents our Government abroad; and yet the very people who sent him abroad, and who also sent Longstreet to Turkey, say that Gen. Hancock is injuring himself—that he is unpatriotic—because he is willing to receive the support of the people of the South. Our opponents also say that Gen. Hancock has not the qualifications for the office of President. They admit that he is a great soldier, but not a statesman. Let me recall to your minds two or three instances in his history to show whether, at the time, he demonstrated that he was a great soldier, he did not also show that he possesses great qualifications as a statesman. He sprung from good, plain, old-fashioned ancestry. Neither his father nor any of his ancestors on either side were officers. He was born in Pennsylvania and lived there until he was 16 years of age, when he went to West Point and there received an education that would fit him for the Bar or any of the higher professions. He was constantly brought in contact with the people in civil life; and at the close of the war, found himself in command of certain states that had recently been in rebellion. He was the military Governor, so called, some two years and more after every armed rebel had laid down his arms and surrendered to the power of the Government. He said in his celebrated Order No. 40, issued at New Orleans, that the time had then come for the military to become subservient to the civil power; and he declined to permit certain trials by military commission to go on, because he said that in Texas, Louisiana, and other States indicated, there was perfect submission to the civil law, and the military power must therefore submit to the civil.

The speaker then eulogized General Hancock's letter to Gen. Sherman in regard to the Presidential difficulty of 1876, and spoke in high terms of praise of his letter of acceptance. Proceeding he said:

Neither Grant nor Taylor held any civil office before they were elected President, Gen. Scott had held no civil office at the time of his nomination. Even Washington, when elected President, had held no important civil office with the exception of President of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the Republic. Gen. Hancock had shown more of the peculiar perception which is necessary to the performance of high civil duties than has usually been shown by any candidate before he has been permitted to show what he can do in the actual performance of the duties of that office. He is a man of fine discrimination of mind that will enable him to draw the line strictly between the exercise of military and civil power; and he will be able to define with exactness the powers and duties of the executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches of the Government.

The speaker then detailed at some length the history of the Credit Mobilier and the De Golyer pavement job, and Gen. Garfield's connection therewith. He followed then by reviewing his course on the tariff question.

In 1877, he said, when the Democrats had control of the House of Representatives and Mr. Randall was made the candidate of the Democratic members for Speaker, the Republican caucus selected Gen. Garfield; and there were four Republican representatives from Pennsylvania who rose up in that body and said that they would not vote for him because they were in favor of protecting the coal and iron interests of Pennsylvania, and that he was an avowed free-trader—not in favor of tariff for revenue only, but an absolute free-trader. These men were Judge Kelly, Mr. Killinger, Russell Errett, and Thomas M. Bayne.

The speaker then read the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Killinger to the Philadelphia *Times*, giving his reasons for refusing to vote for Garfield when he was the Republican nominee for Speaker, as follows:

"When, therefore, the caucus determined to compliment Mr. Garfield in this way I had to choose between sanctioning by my vote such an action or to express my dissent by withholding it. Mr. Garfield's record on this question is well known to the country and some of it has come under my own observation. I could not, therefore, pass it by as insignificant or unimportant. Without meaning any disrespect to him I am compelled to say that his status has been equivocal, if not actually hostile, to the opinions we hold in Pennsylvania. I have never found him to stand squarely for protection. He would not be accepted by the Republicans of my district as an exponent of their views, and I could not compliment him with their vote for the Speakership without manifest inconsistency and doing violence to all my convictions of duty and principle. No friend of American system of revenue and finance has ever been complimented with honorary membership in the British free-trade leagues. The object of these leagues is well known to be the strengthening of British influence in foreign countries. They aim to secure markets here for British manufacturers and to that end are hostile to our home industries."

Passing from this subject, Col. Dechert invited attention to a still more disgraceful episode in Garfield's political career, as note the following:

But, my friends, there is something that Garfield did in 1868 that is meaner than any public act of any statesman of this day that I can recollect, because it was not done above board, it was a stab in the dark. Gen. Hancock had just issued his order in which he declared that the military power should be subservient to the civil. In January 1868 Gen. Garfield was Chairman of the Military Committee, and he offered in the House a bill. He did not say "this is to stab Gen. Hancock in the back; this is to cut off his head," but he allowed the country, by looking into the subject, to ascertain what its purpose was. If you will allow me to read a short extract from the *New York World* you will understand the object of that bill:

"The famous order No. 40 was issued by Gen. Hancock Nov. 27th, 1867. Early in the ensuing session of Congress, January 13th, 1868, Mr. Garfield, according to the *Congressional Globe* page 469, asked unanimous consent in the House to introduce for immediate consideration and action, a bill "To Reduce and Improve the Military Establishment by the discharge of one Major General." The bill provided that the army should be reduced by the discharge from the military service of the Major General who was last commissioned in that grade before January, 1868, the bill to take effect from its passage, so that there should remain but four Major Generals in the Army. As soon as the bill had been read Mr. Garfield expressed the wish that it might be acted upon the next morning. Objection being made, Mr. Garfield then said that he should bring it up the first thing on the following Monday. The bill was aimed directly at Gen. Hancock, who had been commissioned Major General July 26th, 1866, and his was the last commission in that grade made before January, 1868. Thus it is seen that within six weeks after Hancock had issued order No. 40, Garfield, Chairman of the Military Committee, moved a bill to punish him for issuing it, not by retirement on pension, but by removal. The Garfield bill was not heard of again for the reason that on the same day, January 13th, Mr. Bingham from the Committee on Reconstruction reported a bill that answered nearly the purpose intended by Garfield. The bill was put upon its passage January 17th, and on that day Garfield made a speech from an alleged constitutional stand point. After he had disposed of its constitutionality he let the light in on his real purpose by arraigning Hancock for issuing Order No. 40. Mr. Bingham's bill passed the House after Mr. Garfield's speech by a strict party vote of 124 Republicans to 45 Democrats, Garfield of course voting yea. It was not heard of again in Congress for the reason given by Garfield to Hinsdale that Hancock afterward kept his peace. The speech however placed Garfield in square antagonism not only to Gen. Hancock's doctrines but also to those under which he has formed his party associations at least so far as it embodies what he was pleased to consider his opinions of the relations of the Civil and Military powers, as warranted by the Constitution."

This was the meanest act it was possible to perpetrate against an honorable soldier like Gen. Hancock. Garfield was a powerful man—Chairman of the Military Committee of the House—and his party was in power, but the American people had not forgotten the services rendered by Gen. Hancock at Gettysburg and elsewhere; and Garfield might as well have tried to pluck two stars from the firmament of heaven, as to take them from the shoulders of Hancock, whose brilliant and patriotic services the people of this State have not forgotten.

After alluding further to the services of Gen. Hancock, and showing that he saved Harrisburg, Philadelphia, &c., from being over-run by the rebel hordes at the time of the battle of Gettysburg, the speaker closed amid the applause of the audience.

At the conclusion of his speech Col. Dechert took his seat amid the wildest enthusiasm, which was supplemented with music from the band and followed by the introduction of Gen. A. H. Coffroth, the present and prospective Congressman from this district, who received a welcome such as is invariably accorded to a good and faithful public servant, and who proceeded to address the vast assemblage in an eloquent speech of half an hour's duration, presenting an array of undeniable facts, figures and arguments which we shall take pleasure in laying before our readers next week. Like the effort which preceded it, Gen. Coffroth's sound and logical reasoning elicited frequent and hearty applause, which culminated in deafening cheers as he left the platform to resume his place in the audience.

At the conclusion of General Coffroth's remarks loud and repeated calls were made for Col. Jno. P. Linton, of Johnstown, who arose in his place after the band had favored the meeting with another choice piece of music and delivered a brief but eloquent speech—one of the finest efforts, in fact, we have ever heard from his lips, which are always eloquent in any cause he is called upon to defend—and it is needless to say that his able address elicited the most unmistakable evidences of approval, especially when he predicted, aye plighted his faith, that the united and enthusiastic Democracy of Cambria county would give not less than fifteen hundred majority for the good cause.

This ended the speech-making, and next in order came the following preamble and resolution, offered by R. L. Johnston, Esq., which were adopted without a dissenting voice:

WHEREAS, All the counties of this Congressional district have unanimously instructed for Hon. A. H. Coffroth for Congress, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the opinion of the Democracy of Cambria county, here so largely represented, there is no necessity for a Congressional conference, Gen. Coffroth having already been accepted by common consent as the candidate of the party for said office, and that we hereby pledge ourselves to the performance of every honest and honorable act necessary to secure his re-election.

After another tune by the band, the meeting adjourned about 10 o'clock with three tremendous cheers and a "tiger" for Hancock and English and the whole Democratic State and county ticket.

* * *

DEMOCRATIC SENATORIAL CONFERENCE.—In accordance with previous notice, the Democratic Senatorial Conference for this district met at the Mountain House, Cresson, at 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon of last week, all the conferees being present, to-wit:

Blair—George Stroop, R. C. Galbraith, T. H. Greevy.

Cambria—John E. Scanlan, Julius Stich, James King.

The conference was organized by the selection of Thomas H. Greevy, of Blair, as President, and J. E. Scanlan, of Cambria, as Secretary. Immediately after the officers had assumed their official positions Mr. Stroop offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That recognizing the eminent ability of Hon. W. A. Wallace and his long and valuable services to the Democratic party, and knowing him to be the choice of the Democracy of this Senatorial district, the candidates for State Senator before this conference be required to give their written pledge, that in the event of their nomination and election they will support him for United States Senator in the Democratic legislative caucus, and use every honorable endeavor to secure his nomination and election.

This resolution was lost by a vote of three to three, Blair favoring and Cambria opposing it.

W. Fisk Conrad, of Blair county, and Herman Baumer, of Cambria county, were then placed in nomination for State Senator. A ballot was taken, resulting in three for Conrad and three for Baumer. After a half hour's recess a second ballot was taken, resulting, like the first one in a tie. Mr. Stroop again introduced his resolution and it was again lost by a tie vote. After a little discussion the conference adjourned to meet in this place on Friday of next week, Sept. 17th, and we join the Hollidaysburg *Standard*, from which we quote, in expressing the hope that, at that time, all differences of opinion will be harmoniously adjusted and a nomination unanimously made.

* * *

—Westmoreland county comes to the front again with another alleged murder, committed at Hillside on Tuesday of last week. It seems that a stranger named Charles Miller, only 16 years of age, obtained employment a few weeks ago in the mines at that point, and the old miners, being jealous of newcomers, annoyed him in various ways in hopes of driving him away. On the day stated one of the miners, it is alleged, threw dirty water on him and otherwise insulted him, which the latter showed a disposition to resent, whereupon Charles Larkins, Jr., a large, stout man, interfered, and taking hold of Miller beat and kicked him so shockingly that he died within twenty-four hours. Larkins made his escape and at latest accounts was still at large.

THE JOURNALISTIC JAUNT AND JOLLIFICATION.—Saturday last should and probably will be long remembered as a red letter day in the history of the Printers' Association of the Juniata Valley, inasmuch as it was given to the members of the craft and their wives, children, sweethearts, and other relatives and friends, numbering in all nearly one thousand persons, to enjoy the beatitudes of a free excursion to and from Roaring Spring, Blair county, one of the most delightful spots in the State, and to indulge in delights of their third annual picnic, certainly one of the most successful and agreeable reunions ever held under the auspices of the Association. Having taken an active part, more or less praiseworthy, in arranging the details of the picnic and in securing the exceedingly generous and never-to-be-forgotten favors so abundantly and courteously extended to the printers and their friends by the several railroad officials whose kind offices were solicited, modesty prompts the adoption of other language than our own in speaking of the picnic and its attendant delights, to say nothing of the unseemly conduct of a few intoxicated individuals whose presence, as a matter of course, marred to some extent the pleasures of the occasion. This we do by quoting from the Huntingdon *Local News*, though we deem it our first duty to return thanks to Hon. Geo. H. Spang, owner of the grounds (whose address of welcome we shall publish in full in our next issue if we can obtain a copy) and to his handsome and accomplished wife for the flattering and agreeable courtesies extended to ourself and our "better half" immediately before our departure for home. We also wish to bear testimony to the gentlemanly deportment and notable musical proficiency of the members of the Newport Cornet Band, whom we will be glad to welcome to all future reunions of the Association, if any others there should be, fully recognizing as we do that their music was excellent and their conduct in every respect praiseworthy.

After telling from whence the excursionists came, how many there were of them, and why it required nineteen cars to transport the immense multitude from Altoona to the "so-called printers' picnic" and back again to that city, the *Local News* goes on to say that "the party arrived at Roaring Spring shortly after 11 o'clock, and marched to the picnic ground, a short distance from the station, accompanied by the Germania Cornet Band, of Newport. Suspended over the road at the entrance to the ground was an arch bearing the word 'Welcome,' and another banner wishing to all a happy day. The grounds are well adapted for the purpose of a picnic. The spring is located in the heart of the grounds, a vast volume of pure, cold water gushing out from under the hill, the mouth of the spring being arched with stone. The water flows into an artificial lake shaped like a Y, varying in depth from two to ten feet, and large enough to admit of the delightful exercise of rowing. Situated on the hill overlooking the lake is the dancing platform, covered with a shingle roof, thus serving as a shelter in time of rain. A refreshment stand and two boarding houses are upon the ground, where the wants of the body may be supplied. To one of these houses water is pumped by means of a large water wheel driven by the water at the spring.

"The printers, their wives, children or sweethearts, soon after getting on the ground "spread" themselves to partake of the lunch spread before them. This was one of the most interesting sights during the day. All were brought down to a common level—the earth—all good things were eaten in common, and all arose feeling the better for being thus humiliated.

"At one o'clock the crowd had the pleasure of a welcome by Hon. G. W. Spang, the owner of the grounds, and the reports of the Committees on Organizations and Resolutions were received and adopted. The picnickers then separated to enjoy themselves some to boat and some to note, some to dance and some to glance, some to talk and some to walk, some to think and a few to while away the hours in drink. A licensed house was unfortunately too close for some who attended the picnic.

"The paper mill of Morrison, Bare & Co. is located in the town of Roaring Spring, and a large number of the party visited it to witness the operation of making news paper. There are about seventy-five men employed at the works, and the average daily product is five and a half tons of paper, made of wood and rags. The firm have met with success, and are extending their business, a new mill being in course of erection at Tyrone. The town itself is small, of triangular shape, but bears the evidence of thrift.

"At 6:15 the excursionist returned to Altoona where the western residents took their departure on fast line, while the eastern residents waited until 9 o'clock, and journeyed homeward on the Philadelphia express, second section. The Bedford party were kindly furnished with a special train by Supt. Gage upon their arrival at this place. The Penna. Railroad Company and the H. & B. T. R. R. Co. are accorded praise for their generosity to the craft in providing free transportation to such a large number, for without their liberality these annual reunions could not well be enjoyed.

"The day was a delightful one in the woods, and no accident occurred during the trip to mar the pleasure. One thing, however, was noticeable, and that was drunkenness. Towards the close of the day some shameful scenes were witnessed in the vicinity of Roaring Spring hotel. It is such sights that disgust respectable people with picnics, and it is such conduct that will wind up these otherwise desirable reunions. Unless drinking men can be kept away from the picnic grounds, and unless picnic grounds are chosen where no licensed house exists, it would be better to bid adieu to printers' picnics from this time forward."

Following are the resolutions referred to above and adopted at the business meeting as the unanimous sentiments of the entire craft:

Resolved, That we are under obligations to Hon. George H. Spang for his kindness in furnishing to us, free of expense, his delightful grove for the use of the Association on this occasion.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association are hereby unanimously returned to Messrs. E. Conrad and H. A. McPike, Chairman and Secretary respectively of the Association, for their indefatigable and highly successful efforts in getting up the present excursion and picnic.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Juniata Valley Printers' Association are due and are hereby tendered to Charles E. Pugh, General Superintendent of the Pennsylvania railroad; to George F. Gage, Superintendent of the Huntingdon and Broad Top railroad; to C. B. Roberts, Superintendent of the Tyrone, Clearfield and Bald Eagle Valley railroad; to Col. A. M. Sims, Superintendent of the East Broad Top railroad; to E. B. Taylor, Superintendent of the West Penn division; to Chief Clerk Maitland, of Altoona; to L. P. Farmer, General Ticket Agent, and to Robert Pitcairn and S. M. Prevost, Superintendents of divisions of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in all the papers connected with the Association.

The Committee on Organization appointed by the President of the Association reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year, and their report was adopted by acclamation:

President, John M. Bowman, of the Everett *Press*; Vice President, J. W. Speddy, of the Port Royal *Times*; Secretary, W. Por. Crawford, of the Huntingdon *Monitor*; Treasurer, H. C. Dern, of the Altoona *Tribune*; Executive Committee, E. Conrad, of the McVeytown *Journal*; H. A. McPike, of the Cambria *Freeman*; J. B. Sansom, of the Indiana *Democrat*; J. R. Irwin, of the Altoona *Radical*; F. Schweir, of the Mifflintown *Republican and Sentinel*; J. P. Mickel, of the Bedford *Gazette*; Hugh Lindsay, of the Huntingdon *News*; P. Gray Meek, of the Bellefonte *Watchman*; H. H. Brainerd, of the Curwensville *Times*, and George Shoop, of the Newport *Ledger*.

* * *

AN ISHMAELITIC GROWL.—We don't receive the Sunday issue of the Altoona *Call* and are therefore in the dark as to the exact language used by that sheet in regard to the recent printers' picnic, but as the man who, to quote the language of the *Tribune*, is too mean to permit his employes to enjoy a holiday with their fellow-workmen, has evidently been assuming a virtue which, to say the least, did not manifest itself when we called on him at the last moment to see if he and his employes wished to attend the picnic, we have no hesitation in reproducing the following from the *Daily Sun* of Monday last:

The Ishmaelite who is credited with the ownership and editorship of the *Sunday Call*, up Eleventh avenue, seems never to be happy unless in the act of emitting a miserable growl. His vicious attack on the printers' picnic is contemptible, and his reference to the "dead head" part of the affair is an evidence that he never attained the position to do a favor for the railroad company that they are willing and happy to reciprocate. The craft cannot be held responsible for the "drunkenness and rowdyism" that occur, and if Ishmael knew anything he would know that at the least nineteen out of every twenty who indulged in reprehensible conduct on Saturday were not disciples of the typographical art at all and probably were not the possessors of a single excursion ticket issued to the printers' association. Ishmael is a great deal more troubled and exercised about the "imposition" practised upon the railroad company than the corporation itself, and it will be time enough for the *Sunday Call* to disagreeably howl when the railroad company becomes restive under the "imposition."

* * *

—The Republican Congressional conferees of this district met at the Logan House, Altoona, on Wednesday afternoon, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress, but up to 9 o'clock that night the work had not been accomplished, the twelve votes, which for several ballots had been distributed equally between J. M. Campbell and D. J. Morrell, of Johnstown, J. R. Edie, of Somerset, and A. S. Morrow, of Hollidaysburg, finally concentrating on the first and last named gentlemen, each of them receiving six, and of course no choice. It is understood that Mr. Morrell has declined to be a candidate.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUNSTER, Sept. 6, 1880.

DEAR FREEMAN—Our quiet little village has been quite enthusiastic of late over the formation of a Hancock and English Club, which was organized a few evenings ago at ex-Sheriff Durbin's store room. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Philip J. Sanders, the gentlemanly committeeman for this township, after which, on motion of Mr. Wm. Garrett, the following named gentlemen were chosen permanent officers of the Club: President, Pat'k B. Smith; Vice Presidents, Geo. McCullough, Mathias Farabaugh, Philip Farren; Secretary, Wm. K. Cassidy; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. Garrett; Executive Committee, Jas. S. Durbin, James Singer, Joseph Griffin, Nicholas Freidhoff, Edw'd Farren; Corresponding Committee, P. J. Sanders, Robert Brady, John Smith, Thos. Sargent, Mich'l Thomas. The constitution adopted by the Club is similar to the one which governs the Ebensburg Club, and we have fifty members already on the roll, all of whom signed it at the first meeting, with fair prospects for many more; and when the second day of November comes around one hundred and twenty sound, solid Democratic votes will be cast in this township for Hancock and English. Such at least is the cry as it reverberates through the valleys and along the hillsides and rushes on with renewed vigor until it reaches the topmost peaks of the Alleghenies, proclaiming as it goes the love and veneration of Pennsylvania's sons for the noble standard-bearers of the Democratic party, Gen. Winfield S. Hancock and Hon. Wm. H. English. So you see that here, as elsewhere, the good work goes bravely on.

W. H. C., Sec'y.

OBITUARY.

CONDON.—Died, at his residence in Summitville borough, on Sunday morning, Sept. 5, 1880, J. W. CONDON, Esq., in the 64th year of his age.

The subject of this notice was born in Condon, Barony Clughleigh Castle, County Limerick, Ireland, Oct. 10th, 1816. He attended the National School and afterward graduated at the High Normal School, in the City of Dublin, and after graduating filled for a time the chair of Professor of Mathematics. In the year 1848 he resigned the professorship and emigrated to this country, where he engaged as a contractor in building the New Portage Railroad. After the completion of that work, Mr. Condon settled at Summitville, where he embarked for a time in the hotel business, but was afterward elected a Justice of the Peace, which office he held for seventeen years and up to the time of his death. About the year 1861 he resumed the profession of teaching, which he followed until October or November of last year, when he was stricken down as he entered the school room, by an apoplectic stroke, from the effects of which he never recovered. In every relation of life his chief aim was to honestly and faithfully discharge the duties of the position which he filled. Having done his duty as a Christian and a citizen, he was fortified in his last moments by the rites and sacraments of the Catholic Church, of which he was during life a consistent and exemplary member, and resigned his immortal spirit, earnestly hoping, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer, to receive the reward promised to those who have fought the good fight and rest from their labors. His remains were escorted to the church by an immense funeral cortege of sorrowing relatives and friends, where a solemn requiem Mass was chanted and an eloquent funeral sermon preached by Rev. Father Davin, after which the remains were consigned to their last resting place in the Catholic Cemetery. Peace to his ashes and eternal rest to his soul.

Altoona papers please copy. J. N.

KENDALL'S

SPAVIN CURE.

The most successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW:

From Rev. P. N. CRANGER,

Presiding Elder of the St. Albans' District.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., Jan. 29, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: In reply to your letter I will say that my experience with Kendall's Spavin Cure has been very satisfactory indeed. Three or four years ago I procured a bottle from your agent and with it cured a horse of lameness caused by spavin. Last season my horse became very lame and I turned him out for a few weeks, when he became better, but when I put him on the road he grew worse, when I discovered that a ringbone was forming. I procured a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and with less than a bottle cured him so that he is not lame, neither can the bunch be found.

Respectfully yours, P. N. GRANGER.

PERSEVERANCE WILL TELL

STOUGHTON, Mass., March 16, 1880.

B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: In justice to you and myself I think I ought to let you know that I have removed two bone spavins with Kendall's Spavin Cure—one very large one; don't know how long the spavin had been there. I have owned the horse eight months. It took me four months to take the large off and two for the small one. I have used ten bottles. The horse is entirely well, not at all stiff, and no bunch to be seen or felt. This is a wonderful medicine. It is a new thing here, but if it does for all what it has done for me its sale will be very great.

Respectfully yours, CHAS. E. PARKER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

ASHLAND, Schuylkill Co., Pa., June 5, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: A case of spavin that came under my observation was entirely cured by one bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and the horse sold afterwards for two hundred dollars.

Yours truly, CHAS. H. BARNARD, "The" Druggist.

STATEMENT MADE UNDER OATH.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—In the year 1875 I treated with Kendall's Spavin Cure a bone spavin of several months' growth, nearly half as large as a hen's egg, and completely stopped the lameness and removed the enlargement. I have worked the horse ever since very hard, and he never has been lame, nor could I ever see any difference in the size of the hock joints since I treated him with Kendall's Spavin Cure. R. A. GAINES.

Enosburgh Falls, Vt., Feb. 25, 1879.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 25th day of February, A. D. 1879.

JOHN G. JENNE, Justice of the Peace.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

ON HUMAN FLESH.

PATTEN'S MILLS, Washington Co., N. Y., February 21, 1880.

B. J. KENDALL, M. D.—Dear Sir: The particular case on which I used your "Spavin Cure" was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months' standing. I had tried many things, but in vain. Your "Spavin Cure" put the foot to the ground again, and, for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we have ever used. Yours truly,

REV. M. P. BELL,

Pastor M. E. Church, Patten's Mill, N. Y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargement, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, rheumatism in man, or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, being as mild in its action as it is certain in its effects. Send address for illustrated circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy for man as well as beast has ever to our knowledge met with such unqualified success.

☞Price, $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. ALL DRUGGISTS have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. [9-10.-14m.]

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

BY virtue of an *alias* order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, on the premises of No. 1, hereinafter described, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1880,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

No. 1.—All that certain PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Pat'k Comey, James McGough, Wm. Smay, and others, containing **92 Acres**, more or less, about **70** ACRES of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story *Frame Dwelling House*, a *Frame Bank Barn*, and all the necessary outbuildings, all in good repair. There is an *Orchard* of select fruit on said farm, containing about 150 apple trees, as well as peach, plum and cherry trees. There is also good water at the dwelling and a school-house on the adjoining farm. This is one of the best farms in Summerhill township.

No. 2.—A certain PIECE OR TRACT OF TIMBER LAND situate in Summerhill township, in said county, adjoining lands of Martin & Co., Thos. McConnell, and others, containing **123 Acres**, more or less, and allowance.

Terms of Sale.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

HENRY WALTERS,

Assignee of DAVID SMAY.

☞At the same time and place there will be offered for sale a lot of wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat and potatoes by the bushel, corn by the shock, and hay and straw by the ton. Terms of sale of personal property will be made known on the day of sale, when a reasonable credit will be given.

HENRY WALTERS, Assignee, &c.

Summerhill Twp., Sept. 10, 1880.-3t.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.—We, the undersigned, property-holders of Clearfield, Dean and Gallitzin townships, Cambria county, Pa., do hereby warn all persons against fishing, hunting, or in any other way trespassing upon our premises, as they will certainly be dealt with as the law directs for all such offences.

J. F. TREXLER,	JAS. N. McGUIRE,
W. G. KRISE,	JNO. H. McCARTY,
G. B. BENDEN,	JAS. BENDEN,
GEO. McGINNIS,	B. DELANEY,
M. McGUIRE,	P. FORD,
JNO. P. McGUIRE,	A. D. DELOZIER,
M. J. DUNEGAN,	M. L. CARLE,
SAMUEL WILL,	THOS. DOUGHERTY,
AUG. DOUGHERTY,	LIGOURI CASSIDY.
JAS. A. McGUIRE.	

September 10, 1880.-3t.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made, under the act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the incorporation of an intended corporation to be called the "Cresson Coal Company," the character and object of which is to carry on the business of mining coal from lands in Cambria county, Pennsylvania.

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Solicitors.

Ebensburg, Sept. 10, 1880.-3t.

Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brashy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The VIGOR cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair

The VIGOR is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

PITTSBURGH EXPOSITION

MACHINERY HALL.

WM. H. SCHMERTZ & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS

CUSTOM MADE SHOES,

EVERY

MAN, WOMAN,

AND CHILD

SHOULD WEAR THEIR SHOES.

ASK FOR

WM. H. SCHMERTZ & CO.'S SHOES

IN THE STORE YOU DEAL.

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods,

CLOTHING,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES, &c.,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

NEW GOODS RECEIV'D WEEKLY

AND ALWAYS SOLD AT THE

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

☞CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE when Goods are not desired.

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.

Carrolltown, March 19 1880.-tf.

CIDER MILLS.

I HAVE THE AGENCY FOR THE

Best Cider Mill

IN THE COUNTRY,

And any person wishing to purchase this Fall will do well by calling and seeing them.

ORDER EARLY IN THE SEASON,

So that there will be no delay in getting them in due time.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Aug. 6, 1880.-3m.

FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the Farm of 185 Acres, situated in Munster township, [illegible] a large two story Frame Dwelling House [illegible] PLANK ROAD [illegible]

Aug. 20, 1880.-3m.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between E. W. Mentzer and S. Long, at Hollidaysburg, was dissolved by mutual consent [illegible] E. W. MENTZER. [illegible]

August 6, 1880.-3t. E. W. MENTZER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of ALOYSIUS W. OATMAN, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of W. Oatman, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. [illegible], Administrator.

Ebensburg, Aug. 20, 1880.-6t.

CAUTION NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned against [illegible]

WILLIAM O'HARA.

Munster Twp., Sept. 3, 1880.-3t.

FOR SALE.—A House and Lot in [illegible]

Blairsville (Pa.) LADIES' SEMINARY. [illegible]

Rev. T. R. EWING, Principal.

OUR PROGRESS IN HALF A CENTURY.

SOME OF THE THINGS THAT WOULD PUZZLE THOSE WHO DIED FIFTY YEARS AGO SHOULD THEY COME TO LIFE.

A fac-simile of the first number of a Boston paper has just been sent to the subscribers, to commemorate the completion of its semi-centennial. Suppose one of the readers of that little "seven by nine" paper to have fallen asleep, with the sheet in his hand, and not to have awakened until this morning, when, oblivious of the lapse of time, his eye falls upon one of our great dailies. How he would be puzzled! Let us look over his shoulder for a few minutes and hear what he has to say. "Election returns from Massachusetts, Minnesota and California just received." Where on earth is Minnesota, and what has withered, old Mexican California to do with our elections? "Foreign news by cable. The Czar of Russia was shot at during his drive yesterday afternoon, but fortunately escaped. The Pope is reported to have been more comfortable last evening." What sort of cable is this that tells what is going on in St. Petersburg and Rome? It sounds like the old nonsense of the Arabian Nights. "The Bell Telephone Company are now prepared to make connections within a circuit of 100 miles of the city in all directions. By the new arrangement conversation may be heard distinctly in any part of the room. The Handel and Haydn concert, given in Boston on Sunday evening, was satisfactorily repeated at Chickering's in New York." Whew! I give that up. "Foreign arrivals.—Screw steamer Pavia, telegraphed off Sandy Hook, eight days from Ireland, with 1,100 steerage and 450 cabin passengers." Is the population of the old world pouring into the United States after this fashion? Where is room to be found for them all, and are they really screwed across the Atlantic? "Thro' trains to San Francisco, with saloon and sleeping cars. Leave New York at 6 a. m., 12 noon; 6 p. m. and 12 midnight." And just below: "Elevated Railway. Cars leave the Battery for Harlem, &c., every 3 minutes; fare 10 cents." Cheap enough; but where do the passengers come from—and what is there to take them to Harlem?

The good man has got about as much as he can hold in this column, and now he turns to the miscellaneous advertisements. "Great sale of petroleum, perfectly safe and of the purest quality." Well, petroleum is literally "rock-oil"—can it be that in these days they get their lighting material out of the stones? "Safety parlor matches; warranted to ignite only when rubbed on the box."—Are the old flint and steel of no further use? "Metropolitan Gas Co. Price reduced fifty cents per thousand feet.—Metres supplied." What can a gas metre be? Is it long, or short, or particular? These are the only metres that I ever heard of. "Electric light. Candles, lamps and gas superseded. Fair-print easily read at the distance of a mile." I should think that they might as well have added, "Sun, moon and stars superseded." "India rubber store, No. — Broadway. Waterproof clothing of every description, tents, mats, tubing, cushions, water beds, carsprings, canes, pipes, plates, inkstands, penholders, and five hundred other articles made of this invaluable gum." Invaluable gum! I could buy a load of old India rubber quicksilver bags for a couple of dollars. How could they ever make all these things out of such stuff as that? The wonders multiply. "Photographic Gallery—Families taken in groups at low rates. Portraits, life size, beautifully tinted. Instantaneous views of Niagara, Vesuvius, etc. We call special attention to our microscopic department." This goes ahead of the India-rubber business. Photography is a new word, and means "light-writing." Let me look at the last dictionary.—"Photography; the art of producing pictures and fac-similes of objects, on chemically prepared bodies, such as glass, paper, etc., by the action of light. Photograph: a picture or portrait obtained by the light of the sun." What! has the sun come into the field as an artist, to compete with the painters and engravers? I should like to know how he goes to work. "Teeth extracted without pain." That must be a big lie. "Complete sets of porcelain teeth on rubber plates furnished for twenty dollars." Porcelain teeth and rubber plates! What can this mean? I give that up also. Let us see what there is new in the eating line:

"Canned soups, meats, fruits and vegetables of every variety, and warranted to keep for years in any climate. Fresh Bermuda potatoes; Norfolk peas; Texas beef; California salmon," etc., etc. Again—"Refrigerators of the most improved styles," etc. What can a refrigerator be? "Ice. Owing to the failure of the crop in this vicinity, the price has been advanced fifty per cent." Who ever heard of an ice crop? "Pelican and Dives Mining Co.—shares quoted at one and a quarter." That must be a queer firm.

Right alongside comes a column of religious advertisements. "Sunday Services. Low Mass, 6 a. m., High Mass, 11 a. m., Vespers, 5 p. m., at St. ——— Protestant Episcopal church.—Sermon on the seventh vial, at the temple of the Latter-Day Saints.—Evangelical Presbyterian church, discourse by the pastor. Subject: How Jonah lost his umbrella; Jonah iv., 7.—A monster meeting at the Hippodrome. The distinguished Evangelists, Messrs. Gay and Graves, will officiate. All are invited.—Discussion of Protoplasm at Progress Hall. Debate open to all.—Spiritual Seance at the Pantheon. First-class mediums. Drs. Chalmers and Channing may be expected to speak. Admission fee, 10 cents." That is enough. The piety of the age has taken a new turn.

By way of relief our somewhat bewildered gentleman turns to the political department, and there he finds it is pretty much the same old story. The country is on the brink of a crisis, as it always has been—the leaders of one party are immaculate saints, and the prominent men on the other side are fools or knaves—the Democrats are still in the field, as they always have been and are always likely to be, and the party in opposition, which also will always exist, are called by one of the old names of their opponents. There has been indeed a change of issues, and what all this talk about the late civil war and reconstruction and freedmen's suffrage, and carpet-baggers and a Solid South, and amendments to the Constitution means he cannot imagine.

The list of marriages and deaths shows that things are going on there just as they always have done. Almost everywhere else, matters have taken a new direction.

If we should fall asleep to-day, and wake up with the morning paper in our hands, dated September, 1929, I wonder how that would read?

SOWING RYE IN CORN.—If farmers will sow one-half bushel of winter rye to the acre in their corn, and plow it in the last time, it will not only have a tendency to choke out the weeds that start up afterward, but there will be no danger of dry murrin among the cattle from eating too freely of dry stalks, as the rye will remain green through the winter, and will be eaten by the stock in preference to corn fodder. It makes a desirable feed for all kinds of stock, aids materially in the quantity and quality of milk produced, besides proving a saving of from two to three tons of hay for every acre sown; and last, but not least, it affords a green crop to plow under in the spring which will renew and enrich the land.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM,
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

For sale by GEO. A. KELLY & Co., General Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Dr. WM. LEMMON, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-2.'80.-1y.]

KIDNEY-WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

DR. R. H. CLARK, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of KIDNEY TROUBLES it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of PILES, and has never failed to act efficiently."

NELSON FAIRCHILD, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Costiveness it completely cured me."

C. S. HOGABON, of Berkshire, says, "one package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

One package will make six qts of medicine.

TRY IT NOW!

Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

3

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!

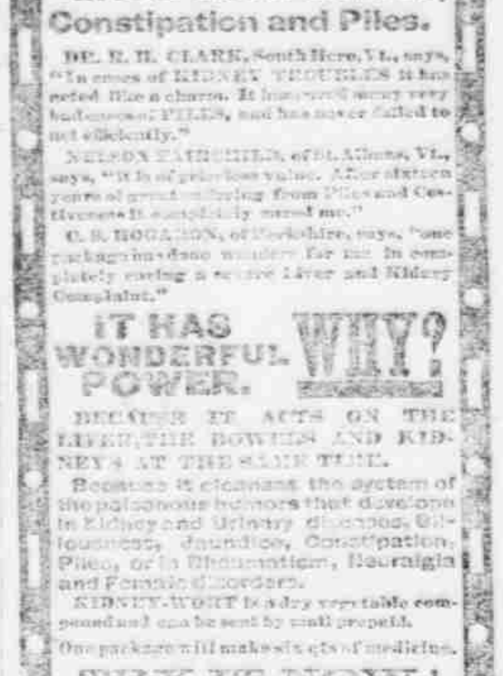
40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint, constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

October 24, 1879.-1y.



HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS

Though Shaking Like an Aspen Leaf

With the chills and fever, the victim of malaria may still recover by using this celebrated specific, which not only breaks up the most aggravated attacks, but prevents their recurrence. It is infinitely preferable to quinine, not only because it does the business far more thoroughly, but also on account of its perfect wholesomeness and invigorating action upon the entire system.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

DENTAL NOTICE.—DR. M. R. B. CREERY, Surgeon Dentist, Ebensburg, Pa., respectfully informs all persons interested that he will visit Loretto professionally on the first Monday of each month; Chest Springs on the day following—Tuesday; Carrolltown on the second Monday of each month, and Wilmore on the fourth Monday of each month.

All persons needing dental work will do well to give me a call, as I am prepared to furnish full or partial sets of teeth and perform all other operations pertaining to my profession in a satisfactory manner and at the lowest possible prices.

[5-23,'80.-tf.] M. R. B. CREERY, D. D. S.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [1-19.-tf.]

M. D. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office on 12th Street, between 10th and 11th Avenues. [illegible]

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

(Formerly Dr. Craig's Kidney Cure.)

A vegetable preparation and the only sure remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.

Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.

For the cure of Diabetes, call for Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.

For the cure of Bright's and the other diseases, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS.

It is the best Blood Purifier, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and is thus a benefit in all diseases.

It cures Scrofulous and other Skin Eruptions and Diseases, including Cancers, Ulcers, and other Sores.

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the Safe Bitters. It is unequaled as an appetizer and regular tonic.

Bottles of two sizes; prices, 50c. and $1.00.

WARNER'S SAFE NERVINE

Quickly gives Rest and Sleep to the suffering, cures Headache and Neuralgia, prevents Epileptic Fits, and relieves Nervous Prostration brought on by excessive drink, overwork, mental shocks, and other causes.

Powerful as it is to stop pain and soothe disturbed Nerves, it never injures the system, whether taken in small or large doses.

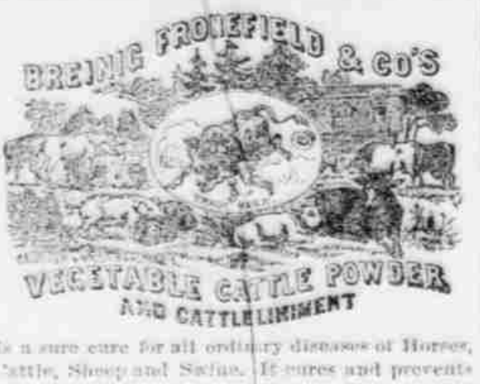
Bottles of two sizes; prices, 50c. and $1.00.

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS

Are an immediate and active stimulus for a Torpid Liver, and cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhea, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and should be used whenever the bowels do not operate freely and regularly. No other Pills require such small doses for thorough work. Price 25 cts. a box. Warner's Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE
SAFE DIABETES CURE
SAFE BITTERS
SAFE NERVINE
SAFE PILLS
READ! SEE TO IT SELF

H. H. Warner & Co.,
Proprietors,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.



Is a sure cure for all ordinary diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine. It cures and prevents CHICKEN CHOLERA. Your cow is certain to yield 25 PER CENT. MORE AND BETTER MILK AND BUTTER. STOCK FATTENS ON ONE-FOURTH LESS FEED!

Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I subjoin a few:

I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and pigs, and find it is a FIRST-CLASS thing.—GEORGE BOND, Germantown, Pa.

I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. THE COW GAVE NEARLY TWICE THE QUANTITY OF MILK she did before. My chickens were dying, but WERE CURED IMMEDIATELY after I had used the powder.

Yours, truly, JONAS PASOUR, Dallas, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Tried it on poultry for many complaints, with SUCCESS IN EVERY CASE.—JOS. WEAVER, Berryville, Pa.

Last summer you sent me a package of your powder which I gave to my poultry, and have not had one droopy turkey or chicken since.—Mrs. WM. KNAPP, Orange, N. Y.

Send me a pack or two of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter CURED THE CHICKEN CHOLERA. I gave some of it to a neighbor and it cured his chickens.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Spruce Vale, Ohio.

Address, for a pamphlet, F. A. MILLER, 331 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. [1-9,'80.-1y.]

MAKE YOUR OWN BEER!

BY using a 25 cent package of ASCHENBACH & MILLER'S Preparation, which will give you five gallons of

AROMATIC BIRCH BEER!

Composed of roots and herbs that are specially healthful, giving tone and vigor to the system. It is nutritious, an excellent preventive of Summer Complaints, a Tonic, and a Blood Purifier. It is cooling and refreshing without being stimulating. *Endorsed by Physicians and Temperance Advocates.*

I have tried Aschenbach & Miller's Birch Beer, and consider it superior to any article of the kind I ever tried.—JAMES LENNOX, Ceylon Spice Mills, 147 N. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Having tried Aschenbach & Miller's Birch Beer, I regard it as an excellent Summer Drink. My neighbors think likewise. Success to it. G. W. Schnell, Pub. *Telegraph*, Millinburg, Union Co., Pa.

If your druggist does not keep it, or you happen to live in the country, you can have a package forwarded to you by sending 25 cents to Aschenbach & Miller, proprietors, 3d & Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

June 25, 1880.-1y.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK The Great English Remedy, an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. TRADE MARK

BEFORE TAKING.
AFTER TAKING.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

The Gray Medicine Co.,
Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE.

For the cure of skin diseases of all descriptions it is without a rival. Having long been in the market and thoroughly tested by the medical profession and the public, it is needless to enter into details about its virtues. Price, 25 cents a cake, or three cakes for 50 cents. ASCHENBACH & MILLER, Proprietors, Third and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

PERSIAN INSECT POWDER!

(Aschenbach & Miller's.)

Roaches, ants, bugs, moths, garden worms, etc., fall victims to its deadly effect immediately upon coming in contact with it. It is truly the genuine Persian, the flowers being imported direct, then ground and prepared at our laboratory under our own supervision, so that we can guarantee its absolute freedom from adulteration. Druggists and country storekeepers sell it. Wholesale Depot, N. W. Corner 3d and Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia.

July 9, 1880.-1y.

DR. JONES' TARAXCANUM TONIC

or DYSPEPSIA MEDICINE, a vegetable compound whose virtues have stood the test of 40 years, is infallible in the cure of Dyspepsia, General Debility, Chronic Weakness of Lungs, Spleen and Kidneys, Short Breath, Heartburn, St. Vitus' Dance, pains in the Stomach, Back and Chest. Particularly adapted to all Female Diseases, no matter what the age of the patient may be. Price, 50 cts. Sold by Druggists. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

TEACHERS & STUDENTS $100 to $100, or $200 per month during VACATION. For full particulars, address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHEAP HOMES!

IN A MILD CLIMATE. In North Carolina Good Farming, Grazing and Mineral Lands can be bought VERY CHEAP. The Climate is mild, equable, healthful. The Soil is good and capable of the highest development. Everything grown in the Union is grown in its limits. Population law-abiding and hospitable. TAXES LIGHT. Manufactures multiplying and prosperous. Endless water powers. Correspondence invited. Information promptly given. Apply to the Department of Agriculture, Raleigh, N.C.

AGENTS WANTED $50 to $125 a Month. ENCYCLOPEDIA

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER

Law and forms for Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics and Workingmen. Selling fast. Low price. Great success. One agent sold 300 in one town, another 152 in 36 days, another 75 in 13 days. Saves ten times its cost, and everybody wants it. Send for circulars and terms. Also General Agents Wanted. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 1,000 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa.

JOHN MURPHY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in building recently occupied by Dr. A. M. Kern, on High street, west of Julian, and nearly opposite the Blair House. Night calls should be made at the office. [5-23,'80.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27,'79.]

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. [12-5,'79.-1y.*]

PITCH PINE.

From Wilmington, N. C., southward and nearly all the way to Florida, the pitch-pine trees, with their blazed sides, attract the attention of the traveler.—The land for long stretches is almost worthless, and the only industry, beyond small patches of corn or cotton, is the "boxing" of the pitch-pine trees for the gum, as it is called, and the manufacture of turpentine and resin. There are several kinds of pine trees, including the white, spruce, yellow, Roumany and pitch pine. The latter is the only valuable one for boxing, and differs a little from the yellow pine, with which it is sometimes confounded at the North.—The owners of these pine lands generally lease the privilege for the business, and receive about $125 for a crop, which consists of 10,000 boxes. The boxes are cavities cut into the tree near the ground in such a way as to hold about a quart, and from one to four boxes are cut in each tree, the number depending on its size. One man can attend to and gather the crop of 10,000 boxes during the season, which lasts from March to September. About three quarts of the pitch or gum is the average production of each tree, but to secure this amount the bark of the tree above must be hacked away a little every fortnight. Doing this so often, and for successive seasons, removes the bark as high as can be easily reached, while the quantity of the gum constantly decreases, in that it yields less spirit, as the turpentine is called, and then the trees are abandoned. The gum is scraped out of the boxes with a sort of wooden spoon, and at the close of the season, after the pitch on the exposed surface of the tree has become hard, it is removed by scraping, and is only fit for resin, producing no spirit. The gum sells for $1.50 a barrel to the distillers. From sixteen barrels of the crude gum, which is about the average quantity of the stills, eighty gallons of turpentine and ten barrels of resin are made. The resin sells for from $1.40 to $5 per barrel, according to quality, and just about pays for cost of gum and distilling, leaving the spirit, which sells for forty cents a gallon, as the profit of business. Immense quantities of resin await shipment along the line, and the pleasant odor enters the car windows as we are whirled along. After the trees are unfit for further boxing, and are not suitable for lumber, they are sometimes used to manufacture tar, but the business is not very profitable, and is only done by large companies, who can thus utilize their surplus labor. The trees are cut up into wood, which is piled into a hole in the ground and covered with earth, and then burned, the same as charcoal is burned in New York.—The heat sweats out the gum, which, uniting with the smoke, runs off through a spout provide for that purpose. A cord of wood will make two barrels of tar, which sells for $1.50 a barrel, and costs thirty-seven and a half cents to make. The charcoal is then sold for cooking purposes.

FACTS ABOUT COINS AND COINAGE.—Some facts of interest not generally known were presented recently by Mr. B. V. Head, assistant keeper of coins in the British museum, in a paper read before the Bankers' institute, London. Twice only in the history of the human race was there an effort made to introduce a theoretically perfect system of weights and measures. The Babylonians were the first to make the attempt to refer all the designations of quantity and extension to one and the same unit. Not less than three thousand years elapsed before the next experiment in the same direction was made, and the credit of it is due to the French. With all the agencies at the command of the people in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, the introduction of the metric system into general use has been painfully slow, and it may easily be conceived why the Babylonians did not make their unit standard a permanent success. As to the coining of money, the Lyndians are believed to have invented that art about 700 B. C. The earliest coins were composed of electrum, a natural combination of gold and silver found in the washings of the river Pactolus. This coinage lasted for about 150 years, when Crœsus introduced a bi-metalic currency of gold and silver, which became general throughout Asia until the time of Alexander the Great. The ratio between gold and silver was fixed at 1 to 13. 5. European Greece had a silver mono-metallic currency until the discovery of the rich gold mine at Philippi, in the reign of Philip of Macedon, when the currency of that monarch was made bi-metallic to keep up the price of gold as compared with silver—a device which proved futile. Alexander returned to the old system, but though gold coins were still made, they were regarded simply as bullion, and monometallism, henceforth, was universal even in Asia. The change from a double to a single standard in Asia was rendered possible by the sudden depreciation of gold consequent upon Alexander's dispersion of the hoarded gold of the kings of Persia.

PROFIT IN SHEEP.—We do not know the origin of the following statement, which we clip from the columns of a western exchange:

"Twelve years ago," says a breeder in Missouri, "I started out with 600 full blooded Merinos. I have now over 6,000 and have sold several thousand during that time. I have made money every year since I started, raising a large increase, and shearing heavy fleeces each year. The entire flock sheared last May over eight pounds per head of a class of wool that brings the highest price in the market." This gentleman throws out some hints of value to all sheep growers. "The most critical time in a shepherd's experience," he says "is in getting his flock ready for wintering. I find it pays to give the lamb, yearlings and breeding ewes some corn after about the 20th of October—one-half an ear per head on the start, and gradually increasing the amount as the grass grows poorer. I usually seed in flocks of two hundred or three hundred, being careful that each flock is well graded as to strength and condition. The keystone of success in the whole matter is to keep your flock young, fed well and breed with good judgment. If it does not pay to keep them well, it does not pay to keep them at all. I expect every sheep on my place to eat two and one-half bushels of corn between fall and spring, as well as what hay they can consume."

THE TERMITES.—In the hotter parts of the world, the wood devouring insects are more than mere annoyances in houses, the most dreaded of them being the termites or white ants. They will devour every piece of wood-work in the house. They find their way into beams and eat the whole of the wood, with the exception of a shell scarcely thicker than the paper on which this narrative is printed. They will attack a table, eating their way through the floor into the legs, and hollowing it so that on leaning upon the table, apparently sound as it is, it breaks and crumbles into a heap of dusty fragments. They have been known to get into a garden and hollow out the pea sticks, so that the first wind blew them down, together with their burden. If they find their way into boxes in which papers are kept, they will devour almost the whole of every bundle, leaving nothing but the uppermost sheet and the edges of the others. So in the dwellings of civilized men they are an unmitigated pest.

ONE hill in Lincoln county, Mo., yielded fifty-four large-sized potatoes.

SOME FEATS IN SWIMMING.

Somewhat over forty years ago, a seaman belonging to her majesty's ship Oretes threw himself overboard as a means of escaping punishment for some offense. He was picked up by a fishing boat seven hours afteward off the coast of Spain, and stated that he had been swimming toward the land all the time. About the same period, two men swam up the river Mersey from Liverpool to Runcorn; they accomplished the distance in something less than four hours. Passing over a long interval, during which many swims were recorded of a few hours' duration, we come to the more recent exploits of Captain Webb, certainly the most remarkable swimmer of whom we have authentic record.—After some notable achievements in the Irish sea, he undertook the astonishing feat of swimming across the whole breadth of the English Channel, despite its very rough sea. On the first attempt he could only reach part of the way, and was for safety brought back by an attendant steamer. His second attempt, in 1875, was quite successful; he swam for nearly twenty-two hours continuously, from Dover to the French coast fear Calais; he was supplied occasionally with refreshments by persons near at hand, but he never touched boat or ground during this prolonged interval. In the same year a young damsel, Miss Agnes Beckwith, daughter of Beckwith, the teacher of swimming, gave clear proof that the weaker sex is strong enough to achieve remarkable results in this art; she swam down the Thames from London Bridge to Greenwich, amid the crowded shipping of that part of the river. In a spirit of emulation, Emily Parker, daughter of another professional swimmer, slightly exceeded Agnes Beckwith's distance by swimming from London Bridge to Blackwall. Cavill, another swimming master, accomplished the distance from Dover to Ramsgate; he was six hours and a half doing the feat, but he was more distressed with the heat of the sun beating down upon his head and the sunshine glaring in his eyes than with fatigue.—Quite recently the London public have been astonished by proofs of the great length of time that persons can remain floating with or without swimming.—At the Westminster aquarium is a large tank constructed for the temporary reception of a live whale. In this tank Agnes Beckwith remained afloat for thirty hours, without touching ground or the sides of the tank, singing a little and occasionally reading a newspaper to pass away the dreary monotony, and taking refreshments handed to her.—The water had a strong infusion of salt thrown in it to increase its buoyancy. Since that time Captain Webb has eclipsed everything else of the kind known. In the recent month of May he remained in the whale tank no less than sixty hours continuously, floating all the time, and never touching sides or bottom.—*Chambers' Journal.*

HOP GROWING.—At the third annual picnic of the Hop Growers' Association of Central New York, Mr. W. A. Lawrence said: "The business of growing hops is, at best, a very risky and uncertain investment of time and money and skill and hard work. A wet winter may kill the root; a late frost may nip the tender shoots; the grub-worm is laid at the root of the vine, and the lice of Egypt may go for the top. Mold and blight and red dust always stand ready to give the crop a parting kick as it falls into the boxes. And even then after the hops have run the gauntlet of all these foes some accident or sleepy dryer may bring the hops out scorched or smudged, or slack, and they are not worth the money you have paid for picking. The farmer who raises corn and hay and potatoes and wheat runs none of these risks, and, therefore, should not complain or envy his hop-growing neighbor when once or twice in perhaps three or four or half a dozen years the hop-grower gets a high price for a year or two, and realizes a handsome return. I claim that the hop-grower is justly entitled to this occasional good price. These high years are simply pay-day come round—pay-day for the year when hops that cost him twelve cents per pound he had to sell for six, and the more he raised the poorer he was; pay-day for the cost of capital invested in hop kilns and poles continually wearing out; pay-day for the year of sudden blight that left him worse than nothing at the end of a hard year's work. All these risks and drawbacks, I say, are a part of the business of raising hops; and, if a man has not the means, the skill, and the patience required to meet these inevitable difficulties and go thro' with them, he should not go into them in the first place. But having gone patiently through with the bitter, I say he is entitled now to the sweet, and to a much larger profit in the end than if he had all along taken it easy and raised only corn and potatoes."

THE OLDEST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD.—The Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, contains one of the oldest monuments of civilization in the world, if, indeed, it is not the very oldest. This is the lintel stone of a tomb which formed the last resting place of an officer who lived in the time of King Sent, of the second dynasty, whose date is placed by M. Mariette more than six thousand years ago. The stone is covered with that delicate and finished sculpture which distinguished the early periods of Egyptian history, and was immeasurably superior to the stiff and conventional art of the latter ages of Egypt which we are accustomed to see in our European museums. But it is also covered with something more precious still than sculpture—with hieroglyphics which show that even at that remote time Egyptian writing was a complete and finished art, with long ages of previous development lying behind it. The hieroglyphic characters are already used, not only pictorially and ideographically, but also to express syllables and alphabetic letters, the name of the King, for instance, being spelled alphabetically. In the hands of the Egyptians writing never made any further progress. With the fall of what is called the Old Empire (about B. C. 3500) the freshness and expansive force of the people passed away. Egyptian life and thought became fossilized, and through the long series of centuries that followed Egypt resembled one of its own mummies, faithfully preserving the form and features of a past age, and of a life which had ceased to beat in its veins. Until the introduction of Christianity the only change undergone by the Egyptian writing was the invention of a running hand, which in its earlier and simpler form is called hieratic, and in its later form, domotic.

COFFEE AS A DISINFECTANT.—The *Poonah Observer*, a paper published in India, states that recent experiments made in that country have proved that roasted coffee is one of the most powerful disinfectants, not only rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced state of decomposition had been kept for some time was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through it containing a pound of newly roasted coffee. In another room the effluvia occasioned by the clearing out of a cesspool was completely removed within half a minute by the use of three ounces of fresh coffee. The way in which coffee is used as a disinfectant is by drying the raw bean, then pounding it in a mortar, and afterward roasting the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it assumes a dark hue. The coffee must however, be pure, as chicory possesses no deodorizing power.

1880. FOURTH ANNUAL GRAND 1880.
EXPOSITION AND FAIR
OF THE
PITTSBURGH EXPOSITION SOCIETY

Will open Thursday, Sept. 2nd, and remain open Day and Evening, Sundays excepted, until October 9th.

A new Machinery Hall has been erected, taking the place of Old Power Hall, which has been removed, and the space converted into a beautiful Lawn, with Flower Beds and Fountains.

An Annex has been added to Floral Hall, which will be decorated with growing plants of every variety, among which will be fine displays of cut flowers, $1,000 in premiums being offered for that purpose.

The Old Buildings, having been repainted and repaired, present a striking appearance. Fifteen acres have been added to the grounds, thus increasing the area to twenty-five acres.

A perfect half-mile trotting course has been constructed, on which trials of speed will be had by some of the finest stock in the country, $4,400 in premiums being offered in this department.

BUILDINGS and GROUNDS will be thoroughly illuminated with the Brush Electric Light.

Through the co-operation of our Manufacturers a thorough representation of the Products of Pittsburgh and Allegheny City will be on exhibition.

Floral Hall and Annex, in charge of our prominent Florists, will surpass all previous efforts in this line.

NEW FEATURE.

In order to interest the surrounding Counties, an Agricultural Fair has been added to the Exposition, and our Farmers, Producers and Breeders of Fine Stock, Horses, Cows, Sheep, Swine, &c., and all descriptions of Farm Products, will be awarded Premiums amounting to $10,000.

CONCERTS every afternoon and evening by the Great Western Eleventh Regiment Band. Music on the Grand Organ daily. Excursion Tickets on all Railroads at greatly reduced rates.

PREMIUMS:
$10,000 - - - IN FAIR DEPARTMENT.
4,400 - - - IN SPEED do.
1,000 - - - IN CUT FLOWER do.

The Dining Department will be under the supervision of a competent Hotel Keeper. Refreshments furnished at moderate prices.

ADMISSION, ... 25 CENTS.
CHILDREN, under 12 Years of Age, ... 15 "

Send for Prospectus containing Premium List and General Rules and Regulations.

E. P. YOUNG, General Manager. J. C. PATTERSON, Secretary.
[8-6.] JOHN D. BAILEY, Ass't Manager and Cashier. [St.]

DON'T, GENTLEMEN, DON'T
BUY A STITCH OF
WEARING APPAREL!
OR A SINGLE ARTICLE OF
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!
UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE IMMENSE STOCK OF
WARM-WEATHER CLOTHING,
Hats, Caps, Umbrellas,
Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.
JUST RECEIVED AT THE
Young America Clothing House,
Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,
ALTOONA, PA.,
THE PROPRIETORS OF WHICH MAKE IT THEIR CONSTANT AIM TO
KEEP A STOCK AND SELL AT PRICES
WHICH FEW CAN EQUAL AND NONE CAN EXCEL.

Therefore we repeat it: Don't invest one cent in SPRING or SUMMER CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c., until you have seen what they can do for you at the

Young America Clothing House,
[4-23.] Cor. 11th Avenue and 11th Street, Altoona, Pa. [11-tf.]

STILL LATER AND BETTER!
NEW SUMMER GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, anned Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS, GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,
which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the
BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional wareroom, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

GEO. W. YEAGER,
CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF
HEATING and COOKING STOVES
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.-tf.]

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!
THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF
S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use natures remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1.

(Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's, Burlington, Vt.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

This life of ours is full of mysteries. We rise in the morning, we go to bed at night, we toil and toil, sleep and sleep, and then we die. The Present alone is ours, the Past a dream, the Future all unfathomable. On the brink of Time stands Man, eating his way by moments, plodding unconscious of the waste within—the wear and tear of that exquisite machine, the human body. Proud of the intellectual and physical achievements of the past, glorious in the conscious sense of strength in the present, boastful of the infinite power which God has given him, yet oft forgetful of the source from whence it sprung. Man lives his little span, grubbing, delving, spinning, toiling, like the ant—a larger ant, less withal, and grateful. As he stands in his matchless symmetry and strength, peering through the God-like light of reason into the unfathomable abyss of space, putting a girdle round about the earth and digging deep into its bowels—thinking dreaming, praying, cursing—he knows not what a moment may bring forth, or when in the decree of an all wise Providence, his little lamp shall cease to shine on earth.

Man for the future can but reason from the past. In a hundred years he has seen or heard of many changes on the wondrous globe he calls his home. Great souls have come and gone; great souls will come again. Intellect has quickened the means of locomotion; lessened the Adamite curse of toil; intellect will do so still; so he reasons, and so his logic rests upon the past. One hundred years ago the world traveled in lumbering coaches, sailed the sea in slow-going ships. To-day the iron horse goes tearing through the land, and steamers bridge the widest ocean. Months have changed to weeks, and weeks to hours. One hundred years ago the traveler between New York and the Illinois wilds would have made up his mind to a three weeks' trip in lumbering wagons and sleepy ferries and uncomfortable stages. In the year of grace 1880 two days and one night, passed in ease and comfort will see him safe at his journey's end. When his Majesty's troops sailed from the shores of England to give the colonists a lesson, they were fortunate if three weeks tossing on the broad Atlantic brought them within sight of Newfoundland. To-day an eight day passage is a matter of course.

Without multiplying illustrations, it is not in the least degree unnatural that the man of the hour, peering into the mists of dim futurity, should see in its dark and unfathomable depth still greater strides toward the goal which his imagination pictures as the *Ultima Thule* of inventive perfection. Electricity has added its spark to creative immortality. What may not electricity bring forth? What motors fill the womb of pregnant Time? Do we behold in the fragile air ship of to-day the engine that is to waft our posterity with unthought of speed from continent to continent? Are the worlds to draw together ere the end, and men to stride the air and guide their barques through space? Shall tunnels bridge the seas, and steam go down before a higher force? Who knows what is to be? Already whisperings fill the air with wonderous meters; the busy brains of men are at work. "Across the sea in fifty hours"—so reads the latest tale—a life boat raised by gas and sailed by steam.

A hundred years hence! Who that is born to-day shall live to see it? and what if he does live, shall he see—a daily baloon to London, an afternoon trip to Florida? Will the docks, now echoing to the hiss of steam, be filled by strange, unearthly shapes, with wings and fans, and gaudy bags of gas? Will freight-trains, drawn by noiseless power, pass swiftly 'neath the sea, and parcels dart like lightning round the world? Stranger things than these have happened within a hundred years, and some may live to see still greater wonders; and yet we cannot change the face of Nature. Man is the same to-day as he was a hundred years ago—more restless, nervous and ambitious; but unchanged in feeling passion, thought. He was made in the image and likeness of his Maker, and, however he may darken and obliterate that image, so shall he remain; and the sea shall change not, neither the dry land—at least to outward and unlettered sense—and the heavens shall tell the glory of God until the inevitable hour when all created things shall pass away like a scroll, and the soul of man have learned the truth of weal or woe in the never ending mansions of eternity.

A WONDERFUL FEAT OF MEMORY.—The history of the celebrated Robert Houdin furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise: They would pass a shop window and glance into it as they went by without stopping, and then at the next corner compare notes and see which could remember the greatest number of things in the window, including their relative positions. Having tested the accuracy of their observations, they would go and repeat the experiment elsewhere. By this means they acquired incredible powers of observation and memory; so that, after running by a shop window once and glancing as they passed, they would enumerate every article in it. When Robert became a professional conjurer, his habit enabled him to achieve feats apparantly miraculous. It is told of him that, visiting a friend's house where he had never been before, he caught a glimpse of the book case as he passed the hall open library door. In the course of the evening, when some of the company expressed their anxiety to witness a specimen of his power, he said to his host—

"Well, sir, I shall tell you, witho stirring from this place, what books yo have in your library."

"Come, come," said he, incredulous "that is too good."

"We shall see," replied Houdin. "I some of the company go into the libra and look, and I shall call out the nam from this room."

They did so; and Houdin began—

"Top shelf, left hand, two volumes red morocco, Gibben's Decline and Fa next to these four volumes in half ca Boswell's Johnson; Rasselas, in clot Hume's History of England, in calf, t volumes, but the second one wanting and so on, shelf after shelf, to the w der of the whole company.

More than once a gentleman stole to the drawing-room, certain he wo catch Houdin reading a catalogue; there sat the conjurer, with his han in his pockets, looking into the fire.

SPROUT FROM PEACHBLOWS.—W B. Van Atten, of Union Church, years ago, while sprouting old Pe blow potatoes in July, found a st sprout eight inches long, which four young potatoes attached to it. was red, and three were of the ordi Peachblow color. He set out sprout carefully in the garden, and ed the crop produced. The red p was much larger than the others. kinds have been planted yearly s and the red variety maintains its s riority of size over the other, whi the common Peachblow—yielding er crops under the same treatment not scattering all through the hill the Peachblow, but growing in a cl like Early Rose. We have tried potatoes, baked and boiled, and the as good as the Peachblow in its condition. They keep even better the Peahblow, as this spring, afte latter had sprouts, in the cellar, o siderable length, the former hac shown a single sprout.